THE BYSTANDER
No. CVI.—No. 1378

MAY 14, 1930

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper

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the BYSTANDER

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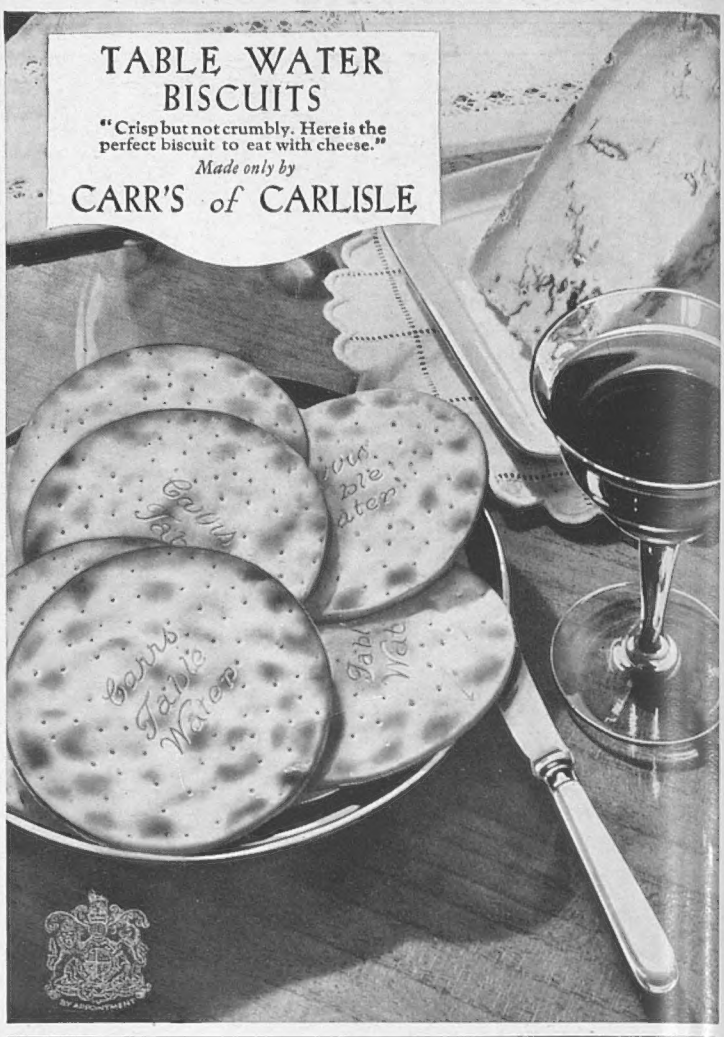

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The Bystander, May 14, 1930

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the BYSTANDER

THE COUNTESS OF CARLISLE

Peter North

One of Society's most charming hostesses, she entertains both at her Town house in Upper Belgrave Street and at Naworth Castle, near Carlisle. She is the eldest daughter of Lord Ruthven and married the Earl, who served as a lieutenant in the Royal Navy, in 1918

BUSY GROWING UP

Four Debutantes of the Future

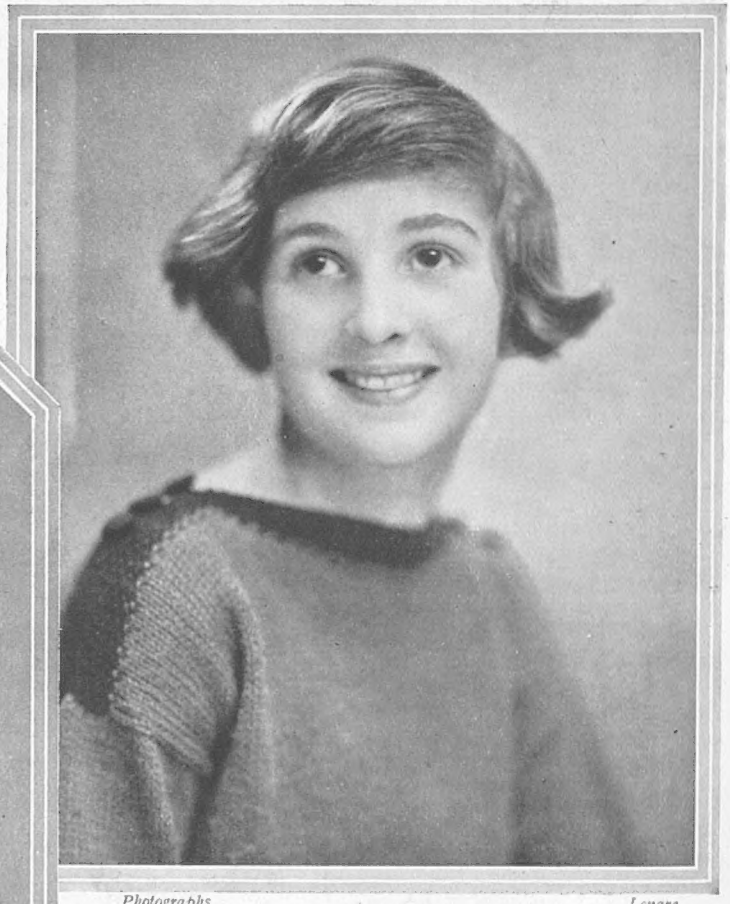
LADY ANNE SPENCER

The ten-year-old daughter of Earl and Countess Spencer, whose seats are at Althorp, Northampton, and North Creake, Fakenham, in Norfolk. She is the granddaughter of the Duke of Abercorn

Marcus Adams

DOMINI MARGARET

The little daughter of the late Hon. Alfred Clive Lawrence, the eldest son of Lord Trevethin, and of Viscountess Hailsham. Her mother married Lord Hailsham, who is a former Lord High Chancellor, in 1929



Photographs *Lenare*

LADY PAMELA SMITH

The younger daughter of the Earl and Countess of Birkenhead. She is sixteen years old and has recently taken part in Charity shows

DIANA LUCAS

The attractive daughter of the late General F. G. Lucas, C.B., C.S.I., C.I.E., D.S.O., who died in 1922. Her father commanded the 42nd Infantry Brigade in Mesopotamia from 1916 to 1919

The Passing Hour

The eight bridesmaids who attended the wedding of Mr. John Gretton and Miss Margaret Loeffler at St. Margaret's, Westminster, with the bride. They are Miss Elizabeth Loeffler, Miss Mollie Gretton, Lady Mary Hope, Lady Catherine Willoughby, Miss Sally Lindley, the Hon. Diana Skeffington, the Hon. Joan Majoribanks and Lady Alexandra Haig

Keystone

THE weather at Newmarket last week began foully, and then got better. One may be thankful that the King did not catch a chill on the first day. At the Two Thousand Guineas he kept in a corner of the Jockey Club enclosure, well out of the draught. Lord Molyneux, who was at the races, wore pale gloves, pale gaiters, and looked very pale, too. If he had been a woman one might have said that he had carefully arranged his ensemble. Lord Molyneux went to Harrow, and then into the Household Cavalry. They say he looks marvellous in uniform.

In the Paddock

LORD and Lady Carnarvon were, of course, at Newmarket. English racing seems to fascinate American women. Another American who goes every day is Mrs. Quintin Gilbey. Lord Dynevor was at Newmarket, too, and so were Lady Noreen Bass, the Duchess of Newcastle, Sir Thomas Lipton, Lord Harewood, and Lord and Lady Lonsdale. Sir Egerton and Lady Hamond-Graeme were in the paddock when I saw them.

Alfieri

Mr. John Frederick Gretton, only son of Colonel John Gretton, P.C., M.P., and of the Hon. Mrs. Gretton, leaving St Margaret's, Westminster, with his bride, Miss Margaret Loeffler, eldest daughter of Captain and Mrs Loeffler

A Serious Peer

LORD IDDESLEIGH is a quiet young man, extremely earnest and the reverse of frivolous. I have never seen him at a cocktail party in my life, though I saw him on the pavement outside Mr. Godfrey Winn's flat in Ebury Street during one the other day. In Switzerland Lord Iddesleigh skis earnestly and carefully. He is a great authority on Empire and economic questions.

Those Wedding Crowds

AFTER the crowds at Lady Millicent Tiarks's wedding at Westminster Cathedral one cannot blame Lord Iddesleigh for doing his best to prevent similar scenes at his own marriage. For he is the brother of Lady Mabel Lunn, and the brother-in-law of Arnold Lunn. He is therefore directly connected with the countless members of the Public Schools Alpine Sports Club. He has delightful hair that looks as though it had been bleached by the sun in West Africa, where he worked before he came into his title. But a glance at his sister's hair shows that the "wide open spaces" are not responsible for this, but that it is natural.

RACEGOERS CAUGHT ON THE COURSE

Luigi Passes

AT Luigi's funeral every famous maître d'hôtel was present, and it was strange to see so many familiar faces in unfamiliar clothes and unfamiliar surroundings. There were Sovrani and Quaglino, from their own establishments, and head waiters and waiters from the Carlton, Ritz, May Fair, Café de Paris, Café Anglais, and everywhere. The Hon. Wilfred Egerton was there also.

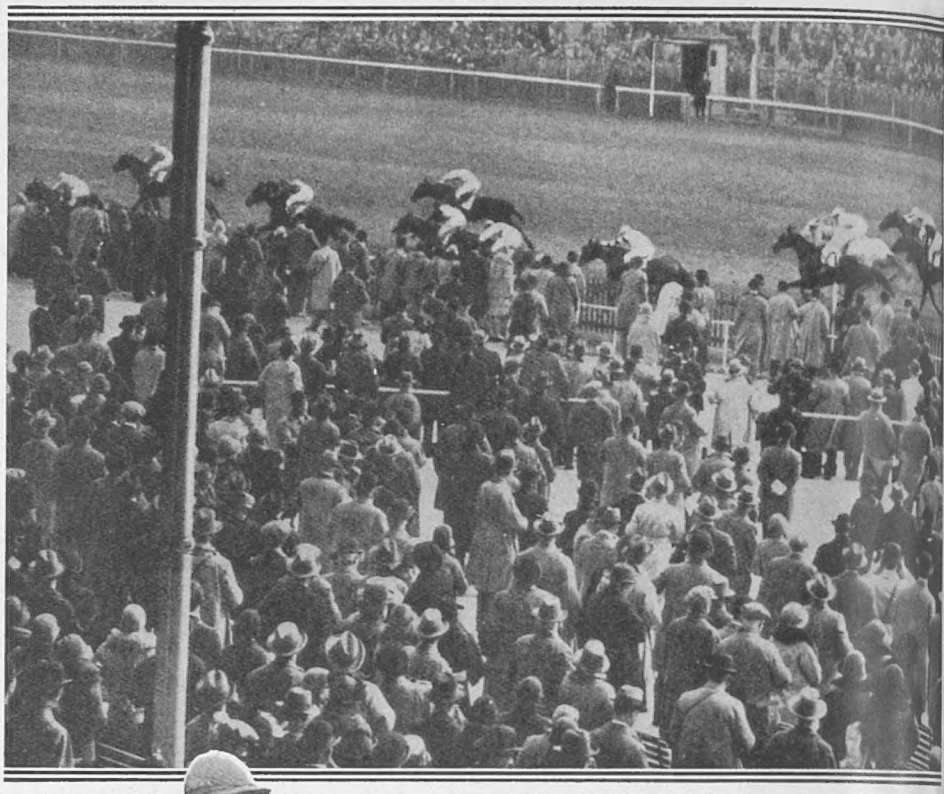
Luck at the Tables

EVERYBODY is still telling stories of Luigi. He told me several himself quite recently. There was the case of the noble lord who arrived at the Embassy with a woman friend, hotly followed by two detectives paid to watch him by her ladyship. Ten minutes later her ladyship arrived, followed by two more detectives paid to watch her by his lordship. "On that occasion I broke my rule of putting a separated couple at adjoining tables," Luigi told me. "I did not think it was wise."

When I was down at Cannes once Luigi told me how he had just gone over to Monte Carlo and backed the ages of his three daughters. Two of them came up at the roulette tables in the first two throws. Then one of them came up again. Luigi walked out five minutes later with several hundred pounds, for he had put on maximums and then "plastered" the numbers. The only time lucky Luigi was ever unlucky was when he was giving things away. At Easter he was sent eight dozen plover eggs and, everyone being away for their holidays, he was only able to give away two dozen. I do not know what happened to the rest.

The Uses of Publicity

I SOMETIMES think it is a pity that English seaside resorts do not imitate places like Deauville. The thousands of English people who have visited Deauville since the War ended have each received a brochure which is really a work of art. It contains coloured caricatures of Lord Derby and other celebrities by Sem. There is an article by Maurice Rostand, the clever, if affected, son of the great poet. There is another by Madame Heriot, who is devoted to yachting. Then there is one by André de Fonquières; finally one by the inimitable Maurice Dekobra.



A FINE VIEW OF DIOLITE'S

A photograph taken from the stands at Newmarket showing the finish of the two lengths. His Majesty was present to witness

L.N.A.

Diolite, ridden by the veteran Fred Fox, returning to the paddock after winning the "Two Thousand" for Sir H. Hirst. The Derby favourite, Diolite, is by Diophon out of Needle Rock

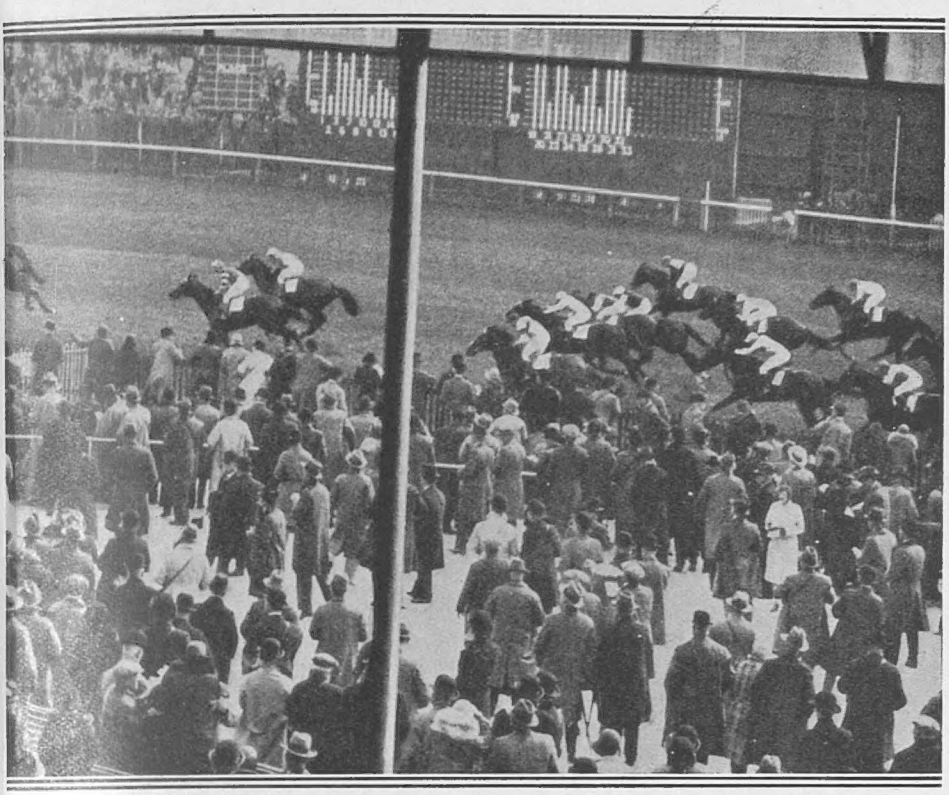
A Little Puzzle

MAURICE DEKOBRA sets four puzzles. He says that an attractive woman ought to have three things about herself which are white, three more that are black, three more that are red, and three more that are

News Illus.

Lord Brecknock and Miss Streatfeild at the United Hunts Steeplechases. They took place at Lingfield last week

HORSES IT WILL PAY TO FOLLOW



VICTORY IN THE TWO THOUSAND GUINEAS *Topical*

Two Thousand Guineas, won by Sir H. Hirst's Diolite, which, starting second favourite at 10-1, beat Paradine by the racing and saw his horse Fairy Story run into third place in the Chippenham Stakes

RACING HINTS

By "Old Orkney"

HINDUSTAN was expected at Newmarket First Meeting and at Stockton last week. One big punter traded liberally at 7 to 1 and 6 to 1. Finished third, and should be followed with confidence.

ATBARA was badly away at Newmarket. Displayed fine speed to join her field, but could not keep up the gallop. There was strong "blower" business, and losses will soon be recovered.

ELIBANK over a mile at Sandown failed badly, but I have made a note of him for a ten- or twelve-furlong race. Carried some big wagers.

ABITIBI was the medium of a big gamble at Stockton, £1,500 being put down at reasonable odds. The gelding's late challenge was feeble, but I shall not give up hope.

MILLSTONE has been placed in the only two races in which he has taken part. At Sandown he put up a plucky display to gain second place. His owner wagered for a nice win, and I consider this horse an exceptionally "good thing" over six furlongs.

SHELL PARADE was once again unlucky at Newmarket, being very slowly away. The professionals speculated liberally. De Mestre's charge can gallop to some tune when in action and he will get his head in front.

In England Now—

Now May is half over the early summer season at Harrogate is in full swing. It is a town full of gardens, and there are flowers everywhere—even in hanging baskets in the streets and round the lamp standards, as at Deauville. Harrogate is indeed a town of music and flowers. You can hear music from early morning in the Crescent Gardens to late

short. The answer to the first is teeth, neck, and hands. The answer to the second is eyes, beauty marks, and eyebrows. The answer to the third is cheeks, nails, and lips. The answer to the fourth is ears, feet, and memory. While he was pondering about this he says a Chinese girl went by with a mutinous mouth. Three things were yellow about her—and those three things were her kimono, her skin, and her husband, whom she was deceiving.

News Illus.

Two more visitors to the Newmarket Sales Lady Allendale and Lord Digby registering approval of the horseflesh on view

Wide World

Sir Richard and Lady Brook caught by the camera whilst attending the recent Newmarket Sales

Wide World

Lord Molyneux and the Earl of Sefton at the Newmarket Sales on "Two Thousand" Day

Douglas

MISS JEANNE STOURTON

The attractive daughter of the Hon. Mrs. Herbert Stourton, who will be presented at one of this year's Courts. She is a niece of the fifth Viscount Southwell

Hay Wrightson

MLLE. DU HALGOUET

The elder daughter of Vicomte du Halgouet, Minister Plenipotentiary at the French Embassy, and of Vicomtesse du Halgouet, who is one of this Season's debutantes

Vandyk

MISS BARBARA PITT

Who will curtsy before Their Majesties during the course of the Season She is being presented by her mother, Mrs. George Pitt, of Broadlands, Warlingham, Surrey

evening, when it steals from the Royal Hall into the Roman Rose Garden. The latest visitors to Harrogate include Lord Lilford, Lady Nelson, Sir John Jarvis, Sir John Jarmay, and Lady Boyd Carpenter.

A Matrimonial Problem

A PIQUANT situation is being closely watched in London by friends of a quite recently married couple. Not long ago they decided to see how they would get along if they separated for a stipulated length of time. This provisional period is now very nearly up. The question is whether they will kiss and make friends or prefer to disagree. Everyone hopes that they will take the first course. At present it is very awkward to see how they start at different restaurants on the same evening, and then find themselves at the same dance club later in the evening, despite the care which they take to avoid running into each other.

LEARNING TO BE GOOD *Sport and General*

At a Charity Matinee held last Monday at the London Pavilion children represented famous paintings Above is seen Mr. Marcus Adams during a rehearsal instructing little Miss Pamela Newall in her part of "The Infant Samuel"

INTERESTING

On the Course

TWO of the Duke of Westminster's former wives appeared last week at Newmarket. One was the Hon. Mrs. Freddie Cripps, the other was Mrs. Lewis, who, however, still likes to call herself Constance Duchess of Westminster. This must be very awkward for all concerned whenever she travels abroad. Another example of fidelity to a title is Almina Lady Carnarvon. Lady Gort, on the other hand, is quite content now to be known as Mrs. Eddy Blatt. It is interesting to note, by the way, what an admiration for her first husband is held by her second choice.

Boxing at the Bath

THE boxing at the Bath Club has been a great success so far. Lord Northesk, who was in the club during the first bouts, insisted on acting as a second. This went well at first, but then the regular second of an East End lightweight made it somewhat apparent that he preferred to do the massaging and rubbing himself. However, he graciously permitted the noble Earl to hand him the towel and the bottle at the end of each round. This was really rather funny. The bottle had once contained hock!

Our Polo Team

THE make-up of our polo team is still as much in the air as ever. Captain Tremayne, who thought his

Bassano

PRINCESSE VON BISMARCK

The wife of Prince Otto von Bismarck will be presented at the first Court of the Season Her husband is the Second Chancellor at the German Embassy

Lenare

MISS JOAN WEBBER

The daughter of Brigadier-General Webber, C.M.G., D.S.O., and of Mrs. N. W. Webber, of Lavender House, Maidenhead, Berks, who will make her debut at the first Court on May 14

Bein

MISS BETTY FRANKLIN

Daughter of Mrs. Philip Franklin, of Wimpole Street. One of the most charming of this year's debutantes, she is being presented at the second Court of the Season on May 15

DEBUTANTES

Sport and General

BEAUTIES AT BASEBALL

The annual chorus girls' baseball match was recently held at Stamford Bridge. Above are seen members of the "Heads Up" (a musical comedy now running at the Palace Theatre) team, who played the "Rio Rita" team. The latter, when they are not otherwise engaged, perform delightful antics at the Prince Edward Theatre

Miss Edith Day, who plays the title-role of "Rio Rita," at the Prince Edward Theatre, makes a sturdy stroke at Stamford Bridge

horse was going to win the first race on the day of the Two Thousand Guineas, has a very awkward time ahead of him. It is said now that one of the Roarks, Captain Tremayne himself, Captain George, who has been playing in India, and Humphrey Guinness, may form the team. Mr. Guinness is, however, rather an erratic player, and on some occasions fails to remain in his proper position on the field during play.

In Aid of Charity

A BALL organised by the Duchess of Rutland and Lady Carisbrooke in aid of the Friends of the Poor will take place next Tuesday (May 20) at Eresby House, Rutland Gate. The Duke and Duchess of York, as well as the Duke of Gloucester, Princess Mary and Prince George, have promised their patronage. Tickets, as at most of these affairs, are two guineas each, or six for ten guineas. This ball has

THE CAMERA WITH THE AMERICAN INVADERS

L.N.A.

T. H. Cotton (Langley Park), who set up a record whilst playing over the Birkdale course during the "Daily Dispatch" £1,500 tournament. He completed the two rounds in 140, taking 72 for the first and 68 for the second

A Suggestion

INDEED, I would go farther, and suggest that every girl good enough at lawn tennis to be asked to represent her country should be allowed not only to be accompanied by her mother but (1) her husband (when married), (2) her favourite sister and brother (if possessing such relatives), (3) her pet dog, (4) her canary, (5) her hairdresser, (6) her masseuse, and (7) her maid. When only six players are chosen to play for their country such small, and very necessary, additions to the party—whose expenses should all be paid by the L.T.A.—are really negligible, and would doubtless help them enormously to show their best form on the tennis courts when they sallied forth to face the foe!

T. A. Bourn, of Sunningdale, receiving the cup from Mr. Ackerman after winning the English Amateur Golf Championship at Burnham. In the final he beat C. E Hardman, of Manchester, by 3 and 2

indeed a most imposing list of patrons, which includes five princesses, eight duchesses, nine marchionesses and at least thirty countesses. Dancing will take place until 3 in the morning, the house having been lent by Lord and Lady Ancaster.

Fluttered Dovecots

I AM entirely with Mrs. Fearnley Whittingstall — better known to the lawn tennis going public as Miss Eileen Bennett — in insisting on her mother accompanying her to Paris when she was to have played at the expense of the Lawn Tennis Association in the French Championships, and I think the Association should have gracefully acceded to Mrs. Fearnley Whittingstall's very reasonable request instead of not only ignoring it, but actually choosing another to take her place.

Express Photos

Leo Diegal, the American professional champion, adopts an unusual grip whilst practising putting. He will play a match over 36 holes with Abe Mitchell at Rickmansworth on Saturday next, May 18

The Downing Street Offensive

THE Prime Minister's recent attempt to emulate the methods employed by his Russian overlords proved disastrous for him. When three London dailies announced the fact that Ghandi was to be arrested he was so furious that the fact was published before the news was

Bobbie Jones, the American golfer, who is one of the most popular players to visit this country, has come over with the Walker Cup team. He is seen above driving off during a practice game at Addington

L.N.A.

THE PRIME MINISTER AND THE PRESS

Photo Illus.

released officially that, seeking to evoke the Official Secrets Act, he sent detectives round to see the wicked editors and warn them that if they did not reveal the source of their information they were liable to a term of imprisonment. Unfortunately for Downing Street there was nothing doing, and the detectives departed with a flea in their ear to try their luck with the Lobby Correspondent of one of the papers in question.

The Sequel

AFTER paying this gentleman two lengthy visits, in which they put him through a very stiff cross-examination, he, for the sake of his wife, who was upset by their conduct, revealed the secret, and the news was borne hot haste to Ramsay MacDonald. Unfortunately, however, it transpired that the villain of the piece was not some Civil Servant, but a Cabinet Minister, who had absent-mindedly divulged the awful secret by implication! It seems a pity that this strenuous attack on the liberty of the Press should have ended so unsatisfactorily for the Prime Minister, but it may prove a blessing in disguise. The next time he feels inclined to adopt such a course perhaps he will question his colleagues first!

L.N.A.

Sport and General

Horton Smith, the famous American golfer, playing out of a bunker during the recent tournament at Southport To judge by his expression, the shot was not altogether to his liking!

Don Moe, the "baby" of the American Walker Cup team, who is on his first visit to this country. He is seen practising at Addington

L.N.A.

Douglas Fairbanks, who has taken up golf really seriously, accompanied the American Walker Cup team over here. He is seen in action during one of the first games he has played in England

Writs and Jewellery

THIS year there seems to be extraordinarily little jewellery being worn. Where has it all gone, I wonder? Even junk jewellery seems to have gone out. Times are hard, and never has there been such an outcrop of writs issued by small expensive firms, photographers, shoemakers, and the rest, to even most regularly paying clients. I have met people who have never been sued before with those little bits of blue paper. They are all perfectly furious, and I cannot blame them.

About Michael Arlen

MICHAEL ARLEN has just paid a brief visit to London to see his publishers. He has been busy writing a book about the American wife of a Frenchman in New York, and has found some little difficulty over the degrees of English, dialect and slang necessary to differentiate the various classes of people he is describing. Altogether the ways of a best seller who lives abroad are hard. Michael Arlen has to pay income tax in England, America and France. He estimates that it has cost him £20,000 to be English. If he had not taken out naturalisation papers he might be almost any nationality since the Treaty of Versailles.

Sport and General

Sir Cyril Cobb has shaken the shades of Cobden very badly by his Empire Free Trade victory in the West Fulham by-election. He won the seat from the Socialists

WHERE IS THE LEADER?

By "Kim"

I AM really very sorry to have to ask such a question, but where is he? What is he doing? For the last few weeks, during a particularly hectic time —India seething with sedition, Rahas Pasha trying to grab the Sudan, the debates on Mr. Snowden's class-war Budget, and, lastly, the significant fight at West Fulham, when Cobb knocked out Cobden by 240, thanks to Lord Beaverbrook and none at all to the Conservative Central Office—all this time, I ask, where is our leader, Mr. Stanley Baldwin?

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL and Sir Philip Cunliffe-Lister have been busy in the House of Commons, but what has Mr. Baldwin been doing? Surely the Conservative leader should be very prominent at this time. The whole wretched business of Lord Irwin's ineptitude ought to have been discussed fully, and even a vote of censure taken in regard to the loss of life in India, thanks to the Socialist Cabinet's and the Viceroy's Pacifism. Apart from that, the duty of the Tories is to defeat Socialism, but one wonders when they mean to begin, if ever. One wonders if Mr. Baldwin is not still of the strange frame of mind that he must back his friend, Lord Irwin, even if precious lives are sacrificed on his altar of friendship. And one wonders more and more if Mr. Baldwin is not truly in the wrong camp, and whether his spiritual home should not be with the Socialists opposite.

CONSERVATIVES are drifting because they have no leader, and such leadership as there is going round appears to be directed by Mr. J. C. C. Davidson, with very distinct Free Trade and Socialist leanings. I am delighted to hear there is a new revolt of the Back Benchers against Mr. Davidson, whose handling of the Party Machine has been one succession of failures. West Fulham is no Conservative triumph, but a personal triumph for Lord Beaverbrook, who, with his newspapers, and his appearance on Sir Cyril Cobb's platform, led to the winning of the seat for Empire Free Trade. The gibe of the cartoonist Low, in which Lord Beaverbrook as a knight was fighting many foes single-handed, whilst his old hack, with the benevolent features of Mr. Baldwin, stood by placidly indifferent, was a true word drawn as a jest.

SOME months ago Mr. Baldwin angrily told his critics that he would not resign from the Conservative leadership, but it seems that he has abdicated from it by not being where he should be, or doing what a leader is expected to do. Possibly he approves of all the Socialist methods, and, being an honest man, cannot conscientiously rouse himself in active opposition. But many of us are feeling very certain to-day that unless the Conservatives rouse themselves and depose Mr. Baldwin from the leadership they will not win the next election. The Party is earning almost as much derision as the Liberals because there is no leadership with any vigour. We have merely a pleasant old gentleman, with distinct Socialist leanings and an extraordinary addiction to a cherrywood pipe on every occasion, typically middle class, obstinate, lacking in imagination, and entirely wanting in all the qualities of a leader.

I HAVE just discovered where Mr. Baldwin is! He has acquired a private office at 24, Queen Street, Westminster, next door to Mr. Lloyd George. They might quite easily knock a hole in the wall and pool their ideas to keep the Socialists in office another few years until the country is quite ruined by Free Trade. The new office is called the Conservative "Research Department." Perhaps Mr. Baldwin will find time to discover how men like Palmerston, Disraeli and Joe Chamberlain led their Party. . . . It would be too much to suppose that Conservative Headquarters would file the life of Mussolini!

Planet News

THE MISSING MESSENGER EXPLAINS!

Dr. Salah-ed-din, the private secretary to the Egyptian Premier, whose enforced delay in arriving with dispatches for the Anglo-Egyptian Treaty Conference caused considerable trouble. He is seen explaining matters very fully to Capt. A. S. Wilkinson, the pilot who finally flew him to Croydon

NIGEL SHARPE *D. Stuart*

Who played in his first Davis Cup match when England met Poland this week. He is the holder of the London Covered Court Championships

OUR PUBLIC MEN

Exclusively photographed for THE BYSTANDER *by Howard Coster*

MR. J. R. REMER, M.P.

One of the most enterprising and lively of Conservative M.P.s, who has represented the Macclesfield Division of Cheshire since 1918. He is one of the rare Northern politicians who has been a fervent supporter of Safeguarding when Lancashire and District was rabidly Free Import. Mr. Remer is one of the few energetic independent Tories who matters to the Country, and is strongly supporting Lord Beaverbrook in his triumphant Empire Crusade

AT THE PLAY

OLD BAILEY AND

"HEADS UP!" AT THE PALACE THEATRE

Rex Cutting (Jack Hobbs), with his L.B.W. "bags," gives a sartorial tip to Harry White (Cecil Humphreys)

"The Silent Witness," at the Comedy Theatre

ANTHONY HOWARD is so infatuated with a young woman he is keeping that he proposes marriage to her. The reason why she refuses is a substantial one in the shape of a husband (complaisant brand) who arrives at his wife's flat. Apologising for his intrusion, he leaves them to it, and the "to it" in this sad case culminates in Anthony losing his temper and pressing his thumb on the lady's wind-pipe. She falls, as he thinks, lifeless at his feet, and the young man returns home to tell papa and mamma—who have visited a theatre, where he should have accompanied them—that he is a murderer.

WHAT else could an affectionate father do under such distressing circumstances than allow himself to be arrested when a detective calls to make awkward inquiries? Any father would do the same! Especially as by taking such a course of action he will in all probability be found not guilty! But, unfortunately, the chain of circumstantial evidence seems to shackle papa as firmly as it does his son!

THE trial of this innocent man takes place at the Old Bailey, and we see it in progress, and it is here that the authors, for the sake of theatrical effect, fail to show with faithful accuracy the details of a murder trial. I myself have been present at such a trial—and even though it was a very famous one, what appeared to be the prevailing note was its matter-of-fact dullness.

DOUBTLESS because an English murder trial is *not* thrilling, the authors proceeded to take liberties with it. I do not quarrel with the fact that counsel are seated in the wrong place—in the seats allotted to Common Councilmen of the city—and that the well of the court, where they should be seated, facing the judge, is occupied by a heterogeneous collection of individuals. Those are details which, if incorrect, are of little account.

WHAT *is* to be deprecated is the fact that the authors have not done justice to English justice. Messrs. Jack de Leon and Jack Celestin have made of prosecuting counsel a sort of Serjeant Buzfuz, who conducts his case with animus and heat. As an instance of the fairness of counsel for the Crown nowadays, I recall that the Solicitor-General in the cross-examination of a murderer, when asking him a very awkward question, added, "Take your time; I don't want to trap you."

"Skippy" Dugan (Sydney Howard), the chef d'œuvre of the show, a galley slave who breaks eggs without making omelettes

ALSO, it may be observed that the Crown prosecutor in real life would never keep up his sleeve one of the most damning pieces of evidence, but spring it upon the prisoner during the course of cross-examination, as does Arthur Strong Drinton, K.C., in this play.

BUT, though inaccurate in more than detail, *The Silent Witness* is good theatre and good entertainment, and the authors have skilfully avoided an anti-climax in the last Act, which is once again good theatre, though the chances which bring about a happy ending would work out at about a million to one against!

QUITE a small part most effectively played is that of the husband of the murdered woman by Wallace Geoffrey, a well-observed character. Malcolm Keen was quietly effective as the man on trial for his life. H. St. Barbe West made the police inspector credible, as did Walter Schofield the judge, even though he appeared to have made up his mind as to the guilt of the prisoner somewhat early in the trial—another reflection on English justice!

Harold Scott and H. Saxon Snell revelled in the humours of the inevitable comic witnesses. Robert Harris was at his best in the second Act, when confessing to what he thought was a murder, and Marie Löhr did her damnedest with the part of the mother, which takes a high place amongst the most ineffective which any authors have ever provided for a really clever artist.

I BELIEVE that this play has sufficient interest and humour in it

Betty Boyd (Clarice Hardwicke) and "Skippy" Dugan (Sydney Howard), who demands something from her to signal to a ship

MUSICAL COMEDY TRIALS

By Vernon Woodhouse

to be a success, but I hope that it will never be seen in the U.S.A. Plays dealing with American trials, vouched for as correct in every detail, have been seen over here, and have given us but a poor opinion of Transatlantic justice. It would be a thousand pities if, in return, such a caricature were presented to America as a faithful picture of English jurisprudence.

"Heads Up," at the Palace Theatre

MUSICAL comedy is by no means dead. Indeed, so far as chorus work is concerned, it is not only singularly alive but also kicking! But for musical comedies to succeed nowadays they must equal, if not excel, shows seen in the past, and some of these have been so good that the standard is consequently high.

ONLY recently, drastic alterations after a first-night production had to be made to a musical comedy, which, it was felt, failed to hit the public taste, and I believe that these alterations have saved it from disaster.

UNLESS I am much mistaken, if *Heads Up*, at the Palace Theatre, is to secure anything like a remunerative run, something drastic will also have to be done here. I will not say that this is the dullest specimen of its class that I have ever seen, but it is fairly well up on the list. *Heads Up*, of course, possesses a "plugged" song, but more than this is required to make a musical comedy a success, especially, as in this case, the lyric is so devastatingly silly.

Sketches of "Heads Up," at the Palace Theatre, by H. H. HARRIS

Mary Trimbell (Louise Brown) and Jack Mason (Arthur Margetson) engaged in "plugging" the duet, "Why Do You Suppose?" which is the big noise of this musical comedy

VERNON WOODHOUSE'S theatre critiques and H. H. Harris's caricatures form one of the principal weekly theatre features in the London Press of to-day

THIS song starts off with the question, "Why do you suppose?" and it is a good start, but the inspiration of the lyric writer then ceases. Where is the wit or humour in asking, "Why do you suppose robins have red breasts?" or "pussies miaow?" or "cows moo?" and lots of other stupid questions like that. Every query should have a laugh in it if the author knows his job. The sample shown above proves that he does not.

FRANKLY, I cannot understand why anybody should have thought it worth while to bring this Yankee musical comedy to London. The plot, which deals with bootlegging, is not one which particularly appeals to English audiences. The inevitable love scenes are dull, and there is precious little humour in the situations.

IF a free hand were to be given to an English expert, who will work over the books and lyrics and give the company words to say and sing which are worth saying and singing the situation might be saved. Far too much reliance is placed at present on cheap American wise-cracks.

WERE this done it would give greater chances to an admirable English comedian, Sydney Howard, who even now does wonders with a part which creates amusement solely by the force of his own comic individuality. It would do much towards lightening the task of Clarice Hardwicke, the soubrette, and it would assuredly help Arthur Margetson and Louise Brown to make their love scenes more effective.

V. W.

"The news about dancing this season is absolutely sensational"

WHAT WE SHALL DANCE THIS SEASON

By Ernest Betts

THE news about dancing this season is absolutely sensational. Tremendous efforts have been made to keep it quiet, but it's no good—not when our supercharged jazz reporter is about.

You may remember that last year we danced the Fox-trot, Quick-step, Blues and Waltz. This year the situation is completely reversed. It is to be the Waltz, Blues, Quick-step and Fox-trot during the season, so now the whole thing is out, and Swaffer himself couldn't spill a bigger story. Things move in our burg.

Murmurs about the Six-eight, the bumptious babe of 1929, I shall ignore. It had a shocking physiognomy. And as for the Tango, much as I should like to see our high-shouldered Helens pouring it into the new streamline frocks, I fear it can never be. The Savoy Band has tried it over and over again, and now it is contraband. Also, they occasionally greet it at the Café de Paris and other high haunts, and with frightful solemnity at the Empress Rooms. Nevertheless, ladies whose bright eyes pine for the Tango must cross the Channel.

Pauline Portraits

MISS JOSEPHINE BRADLEY

At whose ballroom Mr. Betts says the prettiest footwork is to be seen

REALLY good dancing, however, can make the old steps look new. Now suppose you had a partner who made a Botticelli look like a piece of cheese? Where would you take her? It is a problem full of confusion and delicacy. Dance form varies enormously at different places on different nights. Of course, the Café de Paris, with its eyeful of new paint, is not a bad bet. Every dancer who is any good drops in there at some time or other. I have seen some excellent dancing at the Splendide, where at least there is room to move, and when I was there last a nice, low, velvety band—a band, so to speak, that vamps you off your feet.

A new club that has just opened where the dancing is absolutely superb is the Century in Regent Street. They have an extremely nifty pianist there, to say nothing of an extremely pink cocktail bar, and the technique is definitely 100 per cent.

IF you want a dance intime—and it is this type of dance on a packed floor that is so difficult—we all know that Bury Street and Soho are ready to oblige. As a matter of fact, the most stylish dancing in London, and probably the prettiest footwork in the world, is not to be found at hotel, club, or restaurant, but at Jo Bradley's extremely smart ballroom in Knightsbridge. Any slight disagreement with the beat is instantly smoothed over by experts, who are so charming, so paralysingly perfect, that it is a pleasure to have a collision.

But on this question of the Finer Rhythm, I wonder how many amateurs conform to it and how many break away from it? I have noticed that the moment a dancer reaches a certain technical dexterity he tends to spread himself in fantastic flights of his own. He is doing a perfectly straightforward Fox-trot, let us say. He has chosen the right partner, and she is so right that I will describe her to you, and then I will settle this stunt business.

His partner is three inches shorter than he is, with small, impatient feet, high shoulder-blades, and a touch so light that he doesn't know she is there, except that he would look such a damn fool without her. But when she moves there is something electrical in her heels that takes all the weight off the dance and gives a running poise to the whole action. He says to her: "You know, you're different," or something particular like that.

WELL, they are doing a Fox-trot. They are dancing to "Have a Little Faith in Me," but they are dancing just a bit differently from anybody else. They are patting the parquet with greater vigour—with affection, almost. When his foot goes down on a pause he holds it for a second, and the two of them rise a little in a dead vertical line towards heaven. (Hold it, boys, this is us!) And in the course of a traffic jam he invents a somewhat drastic herring-bone step to get out of it. She swirls towards him and is flung out again, like a large lovely doll, except that she's different, and all the poor boobs who are still in the agony of eye, one-two-three-hop stage, register grudging approval.

Now, this movement is not on the schedule.

BUT, after all, the technique of perfection is a bit of a bore. Shall a good dancer, after a good dinner, with a partner Cochranesque in pulchritude, advance stiffly to the beat like Capt. Brown at the Assembly Rooms? Why, even now we fling a few Fox-trot steps into the Waltz. Scandalously pretty it is, too. And in the Blues, which so gravely sweetens the tempo of jazz minstrelsy, are we to have nothing that is not in the rules? Do not trust us, pretty maidens! There are only four dances this season. We shall infinitely multiply their terrors.

BY WEBSTER MURRAY

ART CRITICS!

IF GOSSIP WE MUST

IT is about time that, in the matter of the Royal Academy, the critics were criticised—those, at any rate, who pour scorn on that venerable institution, which is not necessarily any the worse for being venerable. There are far better artists inside the Academy than outside it, for all that that modest, blushing violet Mr. C. R. W. Nevinson (who has reasons with which I wholly sympathise for being sore) may have to say on the subject.

BURLINGTON HOUSE has been slanged ever since I can remember. To do so is as sure a way of getting a cheap laugh as poking fun at the Albert Memorial, and just as easy. Its adverse critics fall into two divisions—(i) poor little nincompoops from Chelsea, who sit over a glass of lager in the Café Royal, wearing a black hat and imagining that they have stepped from the pages of Henri Murger; and (ii) self-advertising journalists, not equipped in any way for art criticism (or for any other form of criticism), who are simply out for publicity.

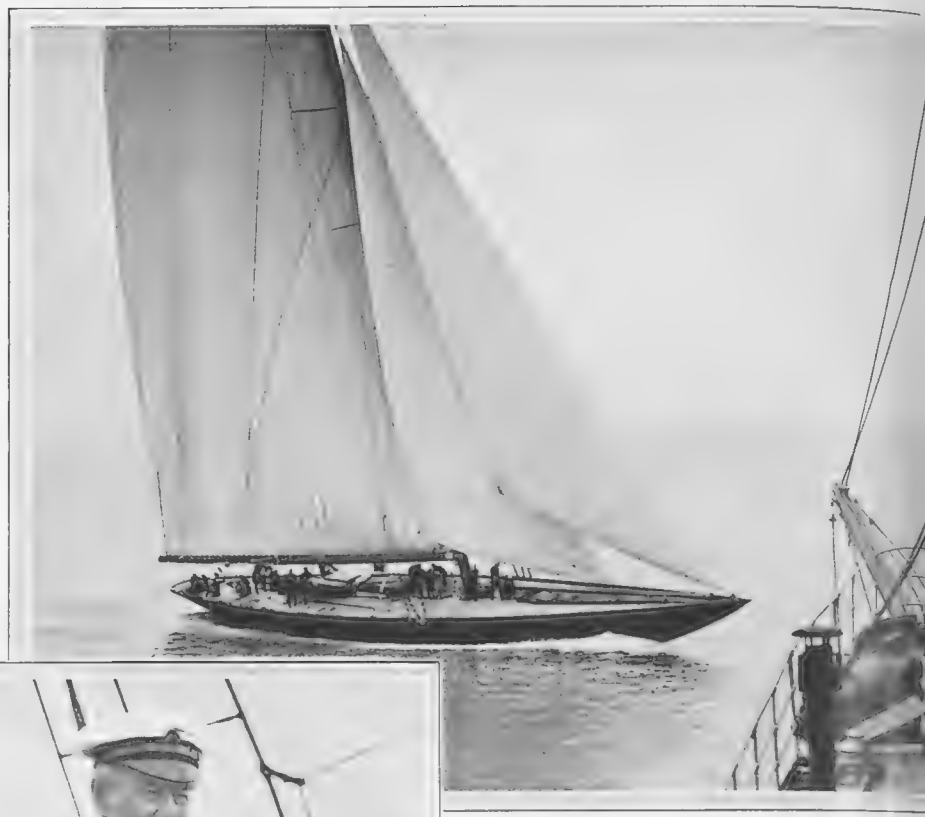
THE former suffered a severe blow when Augustus John went inside the fold and put letters after his name. The latter are a more dangerous gang, because the papers for which they write have large circulations. They proceed on the lines of "What is a good 'story' which will, incidentally, make me talked about?"

The Academy is easy prey, and so it is roundly abused for being reactionary, stick-in-the-mud, full of daubs and heaven knows what else. It is practically impossible to libel it, and the P.R.A. and others who might officially take up the cudgels on its behalf are too wily to be drawn into any controversy. Which must be rather irritating for the attackers.

ANY official institution of an artistic type is bound to be attacked; when, or if, we have a national theatre it will inevitably be a sort of "Aunt Sally." But the objection to the R.A. is largely the objection to those who know about art and can draw by those who know nothing about art and can't. The latter give themselves away in half a sentence the moment they try technicalities.

IF the King and Queen go to Covent Garden to hear *Romeo and Juliet* later on in the season, I trust the performance will not be spun out to the length it was when last Their Majesties heard an opera. This was *Les Huguenots*, which dragged its weary way along, with the result that, before it was over, the Royal box was empty and, as most people considered, very reasonably so.

The Prince of Wales is not likely to risk such ordeals. He does not like opera and doesn't pretend to like it. On the opening night of the present season he went to a picture palace to see a Buster Keaton film, which is snappier than Wagner and doesn't last so long. Nor will it.



Shamrock V, Sir Thomas Lipton's new yacht, on and Sir Thomas is satisfied that she

Sport and General

Sir Thomas Lipton watching Shamrock V from the bridge of his s.y. Erin. He is still indefatigable in his efforts to overcome the obstacles imposed on challengers for the America Cup by the holders, and his many friends hope that this year will see his efforts crowned with success

Central Press

...l-stretching ...als in the Solent. She showed good speed, ...t up a good ...ht for the America Cup

Stage Photo Co.

Norah Blaney and Gwen Farrar, who have again joined forces, are seen with their own Derby candidate in a scene from "The House that Jack Built." This cheery revue is now to be found at the Winter Garden Theatre

THE majority of Wagnerites are turning up at the performances, which begin at five o'clock in the afternoon, in what Mr. Arnold Bennett calls "immaculate evening dress." Very strange they look picking their way through the rotting tomatoes and cabbages of the adjacent streets in the sunlight. The market porters abstain from proletarian fun, do not give them a glance, and merely, I imagine, regard them as mad but harmless.

This year quite a number of people are dining, or, at any rate, making a scratch meal, in the opera house itself. The chicken sandwiches here have long been famous, and the orangeade is so delicious that I have never tasted it. A novelty is the consommé, which is apt to be asked for dissyllabically, to rhyme with Hippodrome.

MOST earnestly do I hope that nothing will come of the rumour that the Carlisle scheme of State public-houses is likely to spread farther afield. Drink is controlled quite enough as it is. All the pleasant and personal intimacy of the hostelry will be removed if it is to become a sort of Government building, like a post office or a mortuary.

The Carlisle scheme has worked fairly well up to a point, and there was a reason for launching it at that spot, near which was a large munition factory. But there are no munition factories now, and the less the divinity who sells us a whisky and soda resembles the divinity who sells us a postage stamp the better.

ALL the picturesque business of "Mine host," and so forth, would vanish under the new regime. Would Dickens have written of inns as he did had a nominee of the Circumlocution Office instead of Mrs. Weller kept the "Marquess of Granby"? Does not one shudder to think of Harry Preston as a Government official, possibly in a uniform?

I HAD one experience of excessive State drink control. A couple of years ago, in Halifax, Nova Scotia (which is not dry, but very nearly so), I wanted to buy a bottle of whisky. To do this I had to go, only between 10 and 11.30 a.m., to a post office to fill up an application form. "Have you your passport?" No—so back to the hotel to get the passport. After a long wait and the handing over of many dollars, I was given a document to take to another official building, where I waited in a queue.

Over an hour later a bottle of whisky was handed to me covered with seals and stamps and labels and instructions to the effect that it was not to be consumed in the street or in restaurants or in any public place. It vanished dismally, sip by sip, in the bedroom of a hotel which, unfortunately, had escaped the great explosion of 1916.

By Puys

HOW THE TROUBLE BEGAN!

THERE are those who find it necessary to use the Southampton-Havre route to France. It has its virtues for such as do not mind a long and nocturnal sea route, and it is comparatively cheap. But the official rigmarole at Havre is far more elaborate and tedious than it is at other French ports. A long questionnaire as to age, habits, intentions, and so forth; and

"TOMMY" LIPTON AND THE SCHOOLBOY'S "HOWLER"

to deal with passports there is only one man in attendance, and an unconscionably slow one at that, before whom one has to pass in single file. Passports are necessary for a variety of reasons, and I am not a believer in the clamour for their abolition.

But the way of the traveller should be made as easy as possible. The British are not usually given to such considerations, yet we do provide at least two passport officials at Folkestone, Dover and Newhaven. Unless I see my bank manager about that overdraft and hire a 1,000-ton steam yacht for the Grande Semaine at Deauville (as, of course, I did last year), I shall certainly journey to what Fleet Street calls "la plage Fleurie" via Paris.

ANN TODD Paul Tanqueray

A camera study of the attractive young actress who is appearing as the ingénue, Ann Winter, in Roland Pertwee's successful comedy, "Honours Easy," at the St. Martin's Theatre

A SHORT wander in the Havre neighbourhood and a voyage down the Seine to Rouen convinced me more than ever of the vigour, the common sense, and the commercial acumen of the French. The French are flourishing because they do not fritter away money in that type of vote-catching known as social reform, because the French worker does not hesitate to live up to his name and to support himself instead of expecting the State to support him, and because the French industries are protected.

As Lord Beaverbrook has pointed out, the French have Free Trade within their Empire. And they have just made a cut of £40,000,000 in taxation. As they are the most financially wary nation on earth, and thrift can be found engraved on the heart of every Frenchman and (cut in far bigger letters) of every Frenchwoman, they would not have done this if it had not been a perfectly safe and wise thing to do.

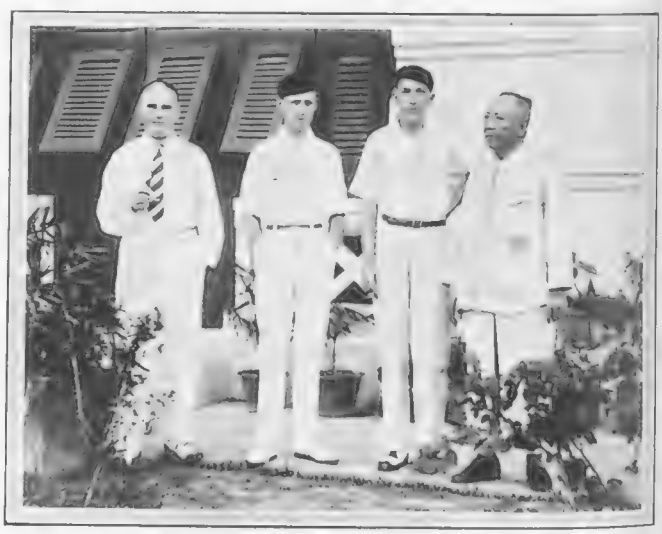
ONE Ambrose, the conductor of a jazz-band, has protested because a newspaper said that his band has a contract by which he is to be paid £50,000 for three years' work instead of for two years. His point is that the error makes his band appear to be a cheap one. Cheap — at £17,000 or so per annum! Yet many perfectly sane people consider a jazz-band to be dear at any price.

WHEN one realises the obstacles, sporting and non-sporting, Sir Thomas Lipton is "up against" (I dealt rather extensively with this subject a few weeks ago) in attempting to lift the America Cup with Shamrock V, the goodwill of most people on this side of the Atlantic will go with the gallant veteran. "Tommy" Lipton, who sadly felt the loss of his old friend and fellow-Scot, "Tommy" Dewar, knows what pluck means, and if at the end of his long life he is able to achieve his main ambition he certainly will be vastly cheered in more senses than one.

By the way, I like the "howler" of the schoolboy who was asked, in a general-knowledge exam., what he knew of Sir Thomas Lipton. He replied, "His tea-things were considered harmful to the young, and he was ordered to drink the shamrock." No, Socrates did not go yachting.

FIELDSMAN: "They're putting on
FRIEND: "Oh! He ought to be

I HAVE heard "the voice for which the whole world is waiting"—i.e., Greta Garbo's first "talkie"—and felt, after five minutes, that the whole world must be waiting for it to leave



Noel Coward at Penang during his world tour. On the left are the Earl of Amherst and Mr. G. Bilainkin, while on the extreme right is Mr. Linn Seng Hooi. They are seen at the Eastern Oriental Hotel

DANCING STILL HOLDS ITS OWN

By Bertram Prance

demon bowler"
to pull the game out of the fire!"

THE BARD AND THE "BOARDS"

No. 2—THE DRAMATIC CRITIC

Dramatic Critics are not, as a whole
Minus a soul.
I can't think, knowing the cause they have got,
Why they are not!

THEY race through their dinner,
They race through their dressing,
They race to the theatre,
The traffic blocks blessing;
They push through the foyer
Chock full of first-nighters
And mentally note they're
The same lot of blighters.
They sink in their seat and
Are often kept waiting
(These first-night delays are
Most damnably grating).
Too often they realise
The play is so trite that
The author needs shooting
(Although they daren't write that!).
They rush to the office,
They rush out their "copy,"
They praise up the good plays
They punish the sloppy;
They rush to their homesteads
Tired, fed-up and yawning,
To find their review's cut
To pieces next morning!

Dramatic Critics are not always gay
Watching a play;
And why they aren't all addicted to drink,
No one can think!

B. W.

off. But how beautifully these "talkies" are staged, and how full of ideas they are scenically.

THEY tell me that dancing is dying! But new dance orchestras are the order of the day. Ted Lewis with his famous performing orchestra is back at the Kit-Cat. He is accredited with having first introduced jazz to Broadway in 1916. He started his professional life as a black-faced comedian and he still remains a comedian, calls himself a clown, and he will tell you that, whilst we may not acclaim American Literature, Art, or Drama, we have to whistle his jazz tunes; and, judging from several very fascinating new numbers he "put over" to a great crowd of well-known people the other night, he is not far wrong.

By Chicot

"George, dear, you'd make a wonderful fireman"
"Why?"
"You've always got your eye on the hose"

THE world of Bohemia and the Stage were very well represented. I noticed the attractive Ruthven twins, Lady Annaly, and Lord Donegall, among others; while the Stage was represented by Margaret Bannerman and her husband, Mr. Tony Prinsep, Lillian Davis, and many others, not forgetting George Barraud, who acted with Gerald du Maurier some years ago, and who has since found fame, fortune, and a very delightful wife in Hollywood. The Kit-Cat has been entirely re-decorated, and looks very spick and span, and the prices are now extremely moderate.

SOVRANI, whose restaurant in Jermyn Street is the resort of the élite, has also obtained a new dance orchestra, which is first-class, from the Continent; and the Splendide, who are doing very well, and where I saw the other day the Queen of Norway among guests, have also, I believe, increased the size of their dance orchestra, which is in the front rank of London's melody makers.

THE Savage Club ladies' night was graced by the presence of Fay Compton as the guest of the evening, and her speech was an object-lesson in enunciation. Without effort she made her apposite remarks audible to the three hundred and twenty diners who filled the King Edward VII room in the Hotel Victoria. The only other speeches were by chairman George Baker—who afterwards sang a duet with his wife, Kathleen Hillyard—and Captain Reginald Berkeley. Though the speeches were all short, there was a long entertainment of super-excellent quality.

ADRIENNE BRUNE *Sasha*

Who plays the part of Constance Bonacieux in the "Three Musketeers," the romantic musical play now having a most successful run at Drury Lane. This actress is well known on the West End stage, having appeared during the past few years in "The Blue Train," "The Girl From Cook's," and "The Man at Six"

CELEBRITIES DISGUISED No. 7

No. 39. THIS IS A DUKE, and—

No. 41. A LEADING LADY

No. 40.—THIS IS A FAMOUS GOLFER

No. 42. AN EARL WHO SAT ON A BENCH

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FOR YOUR GUIDANCE

All you need to do is to use your knowledge of the celebrities depicted on this page and then write down their names, as you believe them to be, on the coupon which, together with the rules, will be found on cover iii. There is no entrance fee and the rules are of the simplest.

Another List of "Celebrities Disguised" Next Week.

THIS IS OUR SEVENTH LIST—KEEP IT UNTIL THE CLOSING DATE IS ANNOUNCED

FILM NOTES

Jeanette MacDonald plays opposite Dennis King, the young English actor, in "The Vagabond King," Paramount's latest picture now at the Carlton. It is directed by the famous Ufa director, Ludwig Berger, and is photographed in technicolor

AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE RETURNS

By Lionel Collier

ONE of the old silent screen favourites made an appearance in a film which was shown to the Press and Trade the other day. And if only because Pola Negri was, so to speak, resuscitated in "The Woman He Scorned," the picture is of interest.

The title is reminiscent of the screen's earliest days, but the production is not. It is the work of a German director, Paul Czinner, and is full of extremely clever detail work and atmosphere.

As a story there is little to recommend it. A silent, clean-living man, a lighthouse keeper off the Cornish coast, sails across to France to get a telescope mended. In a low-class café he is accosted by a woman. He refuses to have anything to do with her, but when she is being bullied by the man who lives on her he takes her side and knocks him out.

All this opening sequence is excellently directed. Pola Negri shows that she is still one of the screen's best dramatic artistes. She is subtle and expressive. Warwick Ward is very good indeed as the bully, and Hans Rehmann restrained and suggestive of quiet power as the lighthouse keeper.

THERE is, however, a very serious flaw. The picture was made some time ago as a silent feature, and to keep abreast with the times it was decided to double the voices and add synchronised effects. These latter are all right, but the doubled voices simply fail to convince at all. Warwick Ward is given a voice that does not suit him, while Pola Negri has the tones of a female B.B.C. announcer.

Hans Rehmann comes off best of the three, as they have made his voice rough with a touch of a Cornish accent.

The talk practically only takes the place of subtitles, and consequently one gets the illusion that one is moving among the most uncommunicative set of people possible.

Nevertheless, the characters are well drawn and interesting.

After the opening the lighthouse keeper puts out to sea and is wrecked. As he is drowning he prays to be saved and promises to save the woman if he is.

Here the producer introduces a disconcerting hiatus of time.

THIS is the first artificiality, and a serious one, for we are switched on to the wedding. However, having got over the sudden shock, we are treated to some more excellent direction, showing how the man eventually reforms the woman and really falls in love with her.

Then into their lives comes the bully, fleeing from justice. The woman behaves in an incredibly silly fashion, and the end comes with her husband thinking the worst of her, the death of the bully, and the suicide of the woman.

But however bad in some respects this picture may be, it does renew the delight of construction and imaginative production, and the intelligent use of the camera, which is becoming in danger of being forgotten. One can even overlook its very slow tempo for its dramatic sense.

Sari Maritza, the charming Anglo-Hungarian star of "Greek Street," to be trade shown shortly, is not yet twenty. As she speaks English, German, French and Chinese, she would be quite an acquisition for the making of multi-lingual films. She is to have a prominent role in Gaumont's next picture, "Bed and Breakfast," by R. L. Whitney, a farce dealing with mysterious happenings after dark in a Thames-side bungalow

AT the Regal there is another screen musical comedy. That extraordinary mixture of melodrama and singing which the talkies have brought in their

train. To my mind they fail in both.

"SONG of the West" is the title, and I conjured up visions of a really good old Western, especially as the period was stated to be that of the '49 Gold Rush days.

Ray Enright, the producer, however, does not give us stirring fights with Indians nor pioneer hardships. The main theme concerns the love of a discredited cavalry officer for a colonel's daughter. How she marries him, how he becomes a gambler, how he leaves her, and how he reforms and joins the Army again—apparently a matter of considerable simplicity, even if you are, as he was, suspected of murder—forms a thread for the singing of songs and dancing.

APPARENTLY, in the Gold Rush days there were plenty of very pretty women in the outposts, and these constitute themselves into a sort of Ziegfeld Follies entertainment most successfully. Action, of course, is incontinently held up to allow the hero and heroine to sing a song, which they do with the usual frequency.

But in spite of these criticisms there is quite a fair amount of entertainment in the picture, due to the excellence of the scenery and the acting of Joe E. Brown in a comedy rôle.

He is excellent, and whenever he appears one forgets the story and concentrates on him. The producer kills him at the end, presumably arguing that in all the best films comedians must now emulate Pagliacci. It is a pity, because nothing is more remote from a picture of this description than tragedy.

John Boles is becoming more and more the typical musical comedy star. He is so conscious of himself and his appearance that he becomes unnatural, stiff in gesture, and distinctly boring. This, too, is a pity, because he has a really good voice.

If he is going to get affected in this manner even his voice will not save him.

As the heroine Vivienne Segal also sings well and acts with a certain amount of charm.

BY the way, the whole thing is photographed in some of the best Technicolour I have seen. The exteriors are particularly good. I have not yet been convinced that colour is nearly as effective as monochrome on the screen, but an advance is being made.

John Boles sings again. This time in "Song of the West," at the Regal Vitaphone have made this all-colour picture, which is a story of a struggle for gold and happiness. Vivienne Segal (left) plays opposite John Boles

Leslie Fuller explains to his company officer "just how it happened!" A scene in "Not so Quiet on the Western Front," now at the Alhambra, in which Leslie Fuller, the comedian, scores a great success

PEOPLE must surely be getting a little tired of Army humour, Cockney or otherwise. Monty Banks has just directed a film, "Not So Quiet on the Western Front," which is to be seen at the Alhambra, and concerns itself with practically nothing else.

It is in effect a concert party staged in an estaminet, and it is saved from complete boredom by the excellent acting of Leslie Fuller, the chief comedian, and the comedy dancing of one Olivette, of whom we will expect to hear much. The type of humour can be gauged by the type of joke, "We love our sergeant-major; we pray for our sergeant-major." "Have your prayers been answered?" "No, he is still with us."

Monty Banks has on occasions become unnecessarily vulgar, and why will he introduce the type of effeminate man which seems a never-failing standby when ideas of humour are running short?

Stella Browne, who sings quite well, has a very good screen appearance, and should also be heard of more.

She has not a big part here, but supplies some of the feminine interest which seems to have been so prevalent on the Western front, especially in the American sector; that is, if we can judge by U.S. films.

In fact, there is plenty of talent here, but little on which to work. L. C.

BY GARRETTO

DAVY BURNABY

Garretto's latest impression of Davy Burnaby, the charming leader of that successful little band, The Co-Optimists, who are now at home at the London Hippodrome. Davy more than pulls his weight in the boat and everyone who has seen him will realise that no greater praise could be accorded him!

JOURNEY'S END!

BY CHLOË PRESTON

BY CHLOË PRESTON

THE DOG LOVER

THE SUN

BY F. STOCKS MAY

BATHERS

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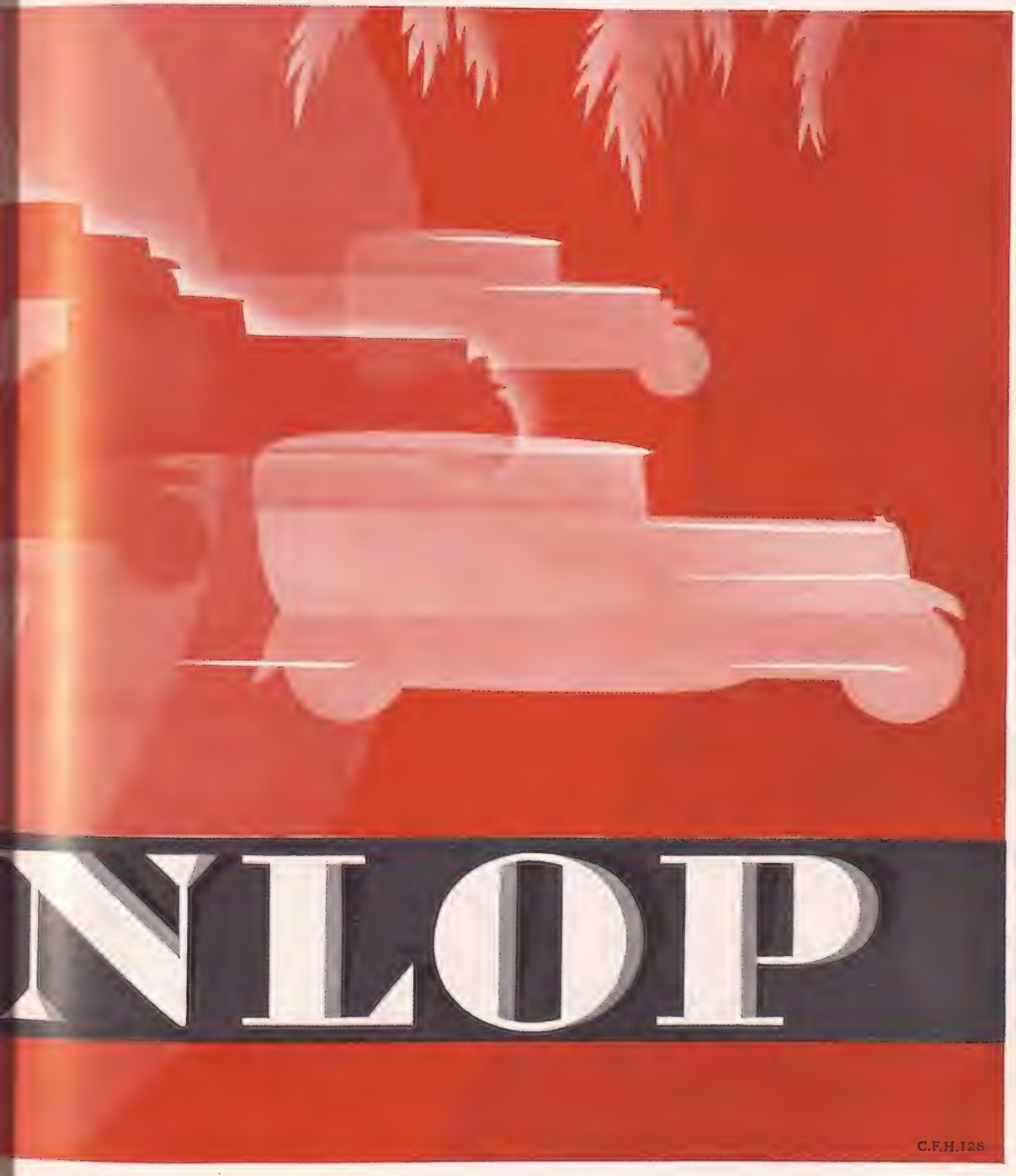
which *all* tyres are judged which there is no comparison



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BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

THE NIGHTMARE

By JOSEPHINE BENTHAM

Bonny had always been petted by her elder sister, Hester, until the latter ran away from home. But after that Bonny kept the secret of her "unfortunate" sister from her rich husband and gave very little thought to her till they met under unexpected circumstances. The sequel to that meeting is told in this powerful story by Josephine Bentham

Illustrated by HOWARD K. ELCOCK

A LITTLE heap of silver ash trembled and fell against the lace of Bonny Mathison's nightgown. Slowly she removed the cigarette from lips that were taut and dry. Her eyes had not left those of the tall woman in starched white who was standing by the bed. But now how sharply came the words she had not meant to say:

"Hester! How funny! I was thinking about you just the other day. How awfully funny, Hester!"

"Odd," the other assented. "You haven't changed much, Bonny."

For an instant the woman in the bed veiled her eyes with a familiar sly coquetry, but at once they were wide with a new terror.

"It *was* odd?" she insisted, still in the high, cracked voice. "That is—you didn't know I was going to be here? Dr. Davis didn't tell you? You—you aren't going to be my nurse?"

"Why not? It's my profession."

The nurse's voice was cool, unfriendly. The woman in the bed hugged her arms between two small jewelled hands. She was like a crafty child, curiously old; her blue eyes set like paste ornaments within the plump wedges of soft, scented flesh. Her fair hair was tousled, the lace of her nightgown awry, and now she was shivering a little, despite the warm comfort of the room. But the nurse had no pity. Adeptly she drew the sage-green curtains across the long, wide window, scooped up the chrysanthemum petals fallen from a silver vase to the dressing-table, straightened a line of novels on a small enamelled shelf. She moved quickly and noiselessly. But there was no pity in her silence, and the ticking of a clock was unendurable in that room.

THE doctor!" Bonny Mathison demanded at last. "I want to see the doctor!"

"He left you in my care," Hester Somers responded, still with the cool inimical smile. "He's on an important case."

There was a slight stress on the adjective, and Bonny Mathison reddened.

"You don't think I'm really ill, I suppose?" she said.

"No-o. But please don't apologise: sanatoriums like this are supported by people like you."

Bonny pulled dignity like a little silk garment about her.

"I'm not apologising. If you really *are* a nurse, Hester, you should know that people suffer terribly from sensitive nerves—and, after all, you know nothing about me!"

She ended smiling, conciliatory, frightened of her own defiance. But now the nurse's eyes ran over the soft rills of sweet flesh, over the jewelled hands, over the sharp, shining nails, over the narrow bands of satin and of lace.

"You know these magazines that come out by the million?" she demanded abruptly. "The same stories over and over again? Well—it's something like that. I've seen your story in fifty beds. I think you have a husband and no children, Bonny. And perhaps ten years from now you'll buy a gigolo in Europe. Not quite yet. But you'll die respectably."

"And when I'm ill, too," whispered Bonny incredulously. "I'm going away from this place to-morrow!"

"But you'll have to stay in my care for to-night," the nurse reminded her.

"No, not even that. I'll ring. I'll explain. They shan't need to know you're my sister. I'll say you've been cruel to me. And you have, you have been cruel!"

"You can't ring. We're all alone in this wing of the building."

"You're going to sleep in here?"

The nurse shook her head. "Just outside your door. In case," she added very slowly, "that you might want me. You might want me—to comfort you, perhaps."

As the keys of a typewriter click sharply over an old faded phrase, so did the nurse's words darken and reanimate the words of the past. Her big hands tightened now, as they had tightened twenty years ago—gripping the back of a walnut chair. She was in a shabby room ornately furnished in worn green plush. A sanguine light shone through the draping red beads of the dining-room "chandelier," and cast a malevolent glow over the faces in that room.

"With Bonny there," her mother was saying softly, insistently, over and over again. "To—to comfort you, perhaps."

"*Comfort!*" her father roared, and his voice broke and crashed over the little lapping tide of her mother's pity.

Hester Somers, eighteen years old, lithe and tall and strong, quailed not under the crash of her father's fury, but under the insistent little lapping tide of her mother's pity. She stood silently, gripping the back of the walnut chair, but tears ran from her wide eyes.

"Go to your room, Hester," her mother repeated tremulously. "Your father will lock you in, but Bonny will be a comfort to you——"

"I don't see," said Bonny, "why *I* should be locked in."

"I would lock every door of this house," cried Grant Somers, and his huge white fist smote the table before him, "if I could lock shame out of it, and disgrace out of it!"

"Stephen's going to marry me," explained Hester slowly, patiently, "as soon as he has another leave. He was afraid of you—of his folks, too—knowing how you felt—but we were alone—alone all one day—and we were planning to be married as soon as he came back from the sea again." She drew herself up suddenly, and her eyes were fierce, dry. "I'm glad!" she said. "I'm glad I'm going to have my baby!"

But again her mother's moans lapped over the words, and again her father's fury rose high above all other sounds. Only Bonny was silent, her lips set in a slight lascivious curve.

The father glanced at his younger daughter.

"That Bonny should hear this!" he said, reddening. "If you didn't think of anybody else—of your mother, your father—you might have thought of Bonny."

Hester looked at Bonny—to see the slight lascivious curve of her sister's lips, the crafty brightness of her eyes. And Hester's laughter was jagged and hideous within that room. She could have held herself bravely against her father's anger, even against her mother's pity—but the evil thoughts of Bonny pelted like mud, like slime, dirtying her bravery, dirtying her love.

WITHIN the room that they shared she stared at her sister across the two narrow white beds. With dull eyes she saw that her mother had folded back the sheets diagonally, had pounded and puffed the pillows for the night. These familiar tasks must have been done before Grant Somers

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came back from town with the ugly rumour bursting a red throat. But her mother had not been brave enough to take her part quite openly. Hester stared at Bonny, waiting.

Ever since she could remember she had been the one to comfort Bonny, the fair-haired, the little foolish one. She remembered the Bonny whose tears blotted the sums on a smudged slate — the Bonny who was hurt so badly when her skates slid on the pavement—the Bonny who so often, so very often, had been in need of comforting.

But now, across the two small white beds, Hester stared into pretty blue eyes that gleamed almost maliciously.

The proud Hester put out her hand, quickly withdrew it.

"Well, Bonny?"

"Well, Hester—tell me about it." The tiny tip of a red tongue touched pretty Bonny's upper lip.

"Tell you about it, Bonny?"

"Yes. You didn't tell Mamma and Dad—where you were."

Hester's strong brown fingers were interlaced, twisting against one another. She lifted her black brows.

"You needn't be so high and mighty, Hester. The girls talk at school, and I want—I want to know——"

Her words faltered under the strength of Hester's eyes. But now her own anger flared. And hers was the anger of a little soul, crafty and vulgar and mean.

"You, always the good one, always the clever one!" she cried. "Never anything to do with the boys, always too high and mighty for the jokes the girls told at school. Getting sore because I laughed at a word written on a wall, and then you—you——"

"Bonny!"

Hester's eyes turned in appeal like an animal's; her wide lips were white and taut. But the shrill little voice went on. The unspeakable shoddy wisdom of the shrill little voice. The dreadful knowing gestures of the soft little hands.

"I've listened long enough," said Hester quietly at last. "If you'll please go to bed, we'll turn out the light, Bonny."

"You having a *baby*," said Bonny in a pleased voice, ignoring her.

And the pretty blue eyes peered into Hester's eyes—lewd, accusing.

Hester went to the door and tried the knob.

"We're locked in," said Bonny. "Me with you."

But Hester did not answer her. Now she went to her bed and pulled back the blankets. Then, with the strength of her own hands, she began tearing the stout linen sheet.

"Hester! What are you doing, Hester?"

Hester made no answer.

"Ah-h! You're going to make a ladder—like that man in the book. You can't get out the window! You—I'm going to hammer at that door till Daddy comes. You can't——"

Hester afforded her one swift, dark glance.

"It's because of you I'm going out of the house," she said briefly. "You aren't going to do anything to stop me."

VERY seldom had Hester ever asserted her strength. With Bonny she had always been gentle, gentle and a little contemptous. Since they had been children together she had taken the burden of Bonny's small sins. The sins had been so heavy for Bonny to bear, so light for Hester, who had always been strong and unafraid, scornful of punishment. But before Hester's anger, before Hester's strength, Bonny trembled with a fear never incurred by the wrath of her parents, who were her dupes. The others loved her—Hester loved her and understood her, too. And so now she submitted to Hester's will. She made no movement and no sound as she watched Hester's big hands, deft as a sailor's, working with the linen strips.

Bonny cried. For a long time she lay huddled on the bed, her pillow held tightly over her ears. Then, stiff with cold and fear, she went to the open window. She saw below a dark shadow that might have been Hester's navy blue coat, a small white glimmer that might have been Hester's hand. And now Bonny's thoughts were stiff with cold and fear, just as her body was. She was afraid of her father. But if she were asleep when her mother came in the morning she might explain that Hester had gone down on the rope ladder while she, Bonny, was asleep . . . after all, if anything had happened to Hester, it was probably too late to help now.

She undressed quickly and slipped under the warm blankets of her bed. But she could not sleep. She whimpered a little to herself, because in all her life she had always slept "like a baby." Hester had said, too, "like a good kitten." She got out of bed and walked slowly to the window. At last she looked down, down the length of twisted sheet to the ground. There was no one there. There was no shadow any more.

Before midnight she was asleep.

"*To comfort you, perhaps.*"

The nurse repeated the words, and gave a queer, dry laugh, as humourless as a cough.

Covertly Bonny Mathison studied the lean, drawn face, the wide, mobile mouth, the thumb-strokes seared under the dark eyes. So had she studied the older woman long ago—cautiously, fearfully. Her tiny hands wavered in helplessness, as they used to do; Bonny was encouraged by the certain contemptuous light of recognition that gleamed for an instant in Hester's eyes. Groping uncertainly to Hester's pity, she played her part of "poor little Bonny," "foolish little Bonny," her eyes still covertly studying the other's face.

"Hester! You might talk—you might talk awhile about old times."

"I'm not much of a talker—never was, you may remember. You can tell me about yourself, Bonny, if you like."

"There's nothing to tell except about Henry," Bonny responded eagerly. "Just after Daddy died I married Henry, and he's taken care of me ever since. Henry's

"With the strength of her own hands, she began tearing the stout linen sheet"

awfully good to me, Hester."

And then, half-defiantly: "Well? Aren't you glad? Aren't you glad I married well, Hester?"

"I don't know. I don't seem to be either glad or sorry. My emotions are pretty well—buried."

Bonny shifted her eyes.

"Well, then—what happened to you, Hester? After the night you *would* leave our room!"

"The night I fell from the rope ladder, you mean," the nurse assented dryly. "I'm sure you must have known that I lay on the ground for—quite a long time. There's nothing much to tell, except that the fall was rather serious for me. I lost my baby."

"Oh! well, in view of the circumstances——"

A dead anger, the ghost of her old living anger, stirred in Hester Somers's eyes.

"Good-night, Bonny. There's the bell, remember, right by your bed," she said quietly.

She moved forward, and Bonny Mathison uttered a sharp, half-stifled cry.

"What're you going to do? Hester! What are you going to do?"

"I only want to tuck in your bedclothes, Bonny."

But there was no pity in Hester's voice, no pity in her eyes. After she had gone Bonny lay back on the pillows—her breath came heavily, and under the blankets her small soft body was bathed in a chill and viscid sweat.

For several minutes she was very still, listening to the scarcely audible sounds beyond the door. There were light footsteps, the rustling of a skirt, and then at last the faint whine of bedsprings.

But still Bonny Mathison lay awake, the yellow cone of the lamp spilling light upon the book she had flung aside. Anxiously her eyes sought the dimness for those objects in the room which were beyond the round, warm wash of lamplight.

The room had been designed, cleverly, by a physician who dealt with the maladies of the malcontent. He had not to consider the patient, suppliant eyes of the poor—he had to consider the nervous, irritable eyes of the rich. In his sick-rooms there was never a colour that was harsh, never an outline that was gross. Nor was his own manner less gentle, less soothing, less guilefully obeisant.

YES, she had approved of the room which was so cleverly unlike an ordinary room in an ordinary hospital.

But now in the half light the outlines of chairs, the dark jutting corner of the dressing-table, were inimical, strange. A reflection gleamed in the mirror like a blade unsheathed, and in a far dark corner something beyond the window seemed to move.

A light rain beat in a ceaseless tat-tat-tat against the window, and the leaves of all the trees whispered. The branches of the tall trees swept by the window of the room because, although the building was one-storeyed, it was set against a hill which rolled abruptly from the house to the road below.

But apart from the ghostly chat of the rain and the leaves it was very quiet now. Bonny Mathison sat up in bed, straining her ears to hear any sound of Hester, who was in the cot just behind the door. She sat very still, thinking of her own room at home and of the short corridor which led to Henry's room, always littered comfortably with pipes and books, in spite of the maids. She found herself thinking of Henry, his sparse hair lightly rumpled and with his pyjamas collar askew—and of his surprised, delighted smile to see her standing there quite suddenly.

BONNY MATHISON whimpered, hammering her fist against her mouth. The innocent Bonny, safe in the room upstairs, was not so charming to regard—through Hester's eyes. The Bonny who had never tried to find Hester, who had never looked for her after the death of their parents—could this be the little sister, the beloved one, through Hester's eyes?

Sometimes, she reminded herself anxiously, she had thought of Hester. When people talked of lost girls, she wondered about Hester—wondered if she were ill, or hungry, or utterly alone. But she had never told Henry about her sister—because of Hester's disgrace. Sometimes she had even planned a sentence or two. "I've never told you—but I had a sister, who left home. She might need help. Are there people you can pay to find lost people?" But the words had stuck in her throat. Henry might not have understood how she could have been so gay all the years, not knowing what had become of Hester. Oh, yes, carefully she had kept precious the image of herself that was reflected in Henry's eyes.

She wanted to snap on all the other lights in the room, but she was afraid to leave the bed. She sat up, her arms about her knees, not conscious of being cold, peering beyond the yellow cone of light to the dark jutting shadows beyond.

The moment of self-distrust was a brief candle, gutted now. She knew herself solely to be pitiful and alone in the darkened room, afraid of the rain, of the moan of the light wind, of the whisper of old trees. And then, at last, her real fear would no longer be denied. She brought her eyes to the door that separated her from Hester. A light burned on in the adjoining room, and she traced the paper-thin line of yellow around the door, waiting for the door to open, waiting for the hard rush of light, waiting for Hester to stand there, vengeful and angry.

She found herself crying softly—not for Henry Mathison,

(*Continued on page 358*)

DRESS AT DEBUT

By B. E.

Jenny presents this charming tweed sports costume in a black and white check for smart morning wear. The shoulder cape and little frill on the basque give it the newest of notes. *Model Jenny*

THE Merrie Month of May is rather more overcrowded than usual with social events and festivities. A London May seems to stand out always with a singular significance, for it is the real beginning of London's social year. Their Majesties return to Town and hold their Courts, the Opera and the Royal Academy open, and private and public entertaining crowd one engagement on another. Tradition lends emphasis to the conventional smartness of the merriest month, and conventional, as a nation, we must, apparently, always be. At the same time Nature is holding her court in the country and the air is heavy with the scents of blossoming tree and opening leaf as the earth's bridal month is at hand. Moderns, however, contrive to include both festivities in their crowded lives by being in the country during the week-end with occasional dashes there to attend a race meeting or golf match, and yet have their headquarters in Town.

THERE is, in consequence, much bustling in the dressmaking world, both in London and Paris, and with one thing and the other it is an atmosphere of clothes—clothes—clothes! Mammas are agitating over their marriageable daughters and incidentally themselves, while debutantes are straining at their leash. The Courts are so crowded this year that it is a case of curtailed curtseys and trains clipped to a mere half yard on the floor, which rather robs the ceremony of some of its old-world air of dignity and leisure; but numbers swell and presentations multiply: so does modern rush hustle even ancient tradition. There are so many Americans and not a few Canadians in the list of presentations that many a pouting beauty at home may find some unusual difficulties in getting in. Canadians have, of course, a legitimate right to be presented at British Courts, but it is a little amusing to see the increasing number of Americans who appar-

An afternoon frock from Lucien Lelong in black crêpe de Chine, speckled in beige and white. The long basqued coat stands away from the pleated skirt and has a shawl collar *Model Lelong*

Specially sketched for THE BYSTANDER *in Paris*

ND THE ANTE

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jott

ently feel that a presentation at an English Court gives a cachet that cannot be obtained in a society of free-born citizens of the U.S.A.—or is it that it gives an extra kick to life to be "royally commanded"?

THE debutante who is choosing her first long frocks now when they really *are* long, is to be envied! How heavenly to decide amongst a collection which was never so interesting or so peculiarly suitable for slim youth and beauty! And nothing *can* look so young as demure youth in a really grown-up frock with a mysteriously long skirt and a "baby" bodice. And for whom, pray, but extreme youth is the rippling basqued coat, the peplumed evening frock, the slim hipped styles that it alone can wear so successfully?

BECAUSE the choice is so varied it does not always make it the more easy, but there are some particular styles the debutante would do well to concentrate on. While Paris designers create clothes for the mondaine above all others there is nothing they do so delightfully as the ingenuous frock for the ingénue. Perhaps Lanvin does it best; and so much does it achieve in expressing insouciance, innocence and youth that it is grand to be young enough to wear it. Choosing the Bud's (the picturesque American term) evening frocks will be easy, because there are so many styles so utterly suitable for her, while chiffon, plain or printed, laces and, above all, the new stiff muslins that Chanel and one or two others showed, are fabrics here to choose from.

THE sleek, perfectly cut coat and skirt has returned to favour, and is worn as an alternative to the tweeds we have seen about so much. With it has come the blouse of the tuck-in variety, and this is becoming a very important factor in our Spring and Summer outfit. With the tailor suits nothing is smarter than a shirt of fine hand-worked batiste, linen or piqué, with sprigs of muslin in button holes to match. With them short sleeves are definitely in, while the idea of making a muslin blouse with a coatee or bolero to match worn with a contrasting skirt has been further added to by making the hat an ensemble to the scheme when it is in piqué or some cottony fabric. Blues are the favourite choice, with navy as the smartly serviceable, and white or Patou's rose opaline is its chic accompaniment. Green is much in favour, while for Summer all the pale shades will be in vogue, and shantung the material above others for the expression of the sports and morning frock.

Patou creates this lovely Summer frock in pale blue faille with two box pleats falling to the ground back and front. Short sleeves, flowers, and a wide-brimmed hat complete an effective and becoming ensemble. *Model Jean Patou*

THE train is taking its rightful place in the scheme of things and is being kept more and more for the formal evening gown. When madame wishes to be in grande tenue she can borrow dignity from it, but the popular and usual evening dress length is to the ankle—and this will be the wise debutante's choice. Often it is transparent from the knee downwards, and sometimes slit up in panels to give freedom in dancing. Not only are skirts for evening of two lengths, but the afternoon gown is also adding to these complications; that is, it is shorter for *early* than for late afternoon wear. In the latter case it descends an inch or two lower, just as though the more formal the frock the longer it grows. In the morning the tailor suits have dropped a bit below the knee, but the sports suit continues to be worn short by all sensible and smart people. Thus do clothes suit all times, occasions, and personal tastes, and there is really little cause for all the grumbling we have heard so often and so unnecessarily.

OF Hats I hope to speak more fully next week when I have seen the Paris mid-season collection.

PARIS GOSSIP

THE TYRRELL-HOLMAN WEDDING

"When there are no taxis"

By Sylvia Lyon

THERE was a warm and sunshiny morning for the Tyrrell-Holman wedding, and many people were seated in Notre Dame far in advance of the hour. I, for one, by being prompt, missed a great sight; a friend of mine, rushing belatedly to the cathedral in company with Margot Roy, the daughter of the Canadian Minister, found himself stalled in the quayside traffic to make way for the bride's car. And as that car went past they saw a policeman standing on the running-board, blowing a whistle piercingly, while his long and violent red beard streamed out in the air.

And there I was missing such a sight, and trying to look demure and well-behaved, because Pierre de Fouquières, the Chef de Protocol of the Foreign Office, sat right near us. It is really regrettable that important weddings do not take place in a theatre, because the floors of churches always seem to be flat, which, with the mediæval and mystic lighting effects, makes it difficult to distinguish the people present. Ahead of me was the Princesse Aymon de Faucigny-Lucinge and her daughter, the Comtesse de Brantès, who herself was married not long ago in Notre Dame. Near by was Boni de Castellane's eldest son with his wife, and then I saw the Gaekwar of Baroda, and then General Gouraud being led to his place by Colonel Needham, the Military Attaché, and then Francis de Croisset with his wife, and I wondered if they were being ushered by the dramatic attaché.

EVERYBODY was very much pleased to see Lady Tyrrell appear after her long illness, the wedding date having been set so far ahead in anticipation of her recovery. At a few minutes after twelve, remarkably prompt, as there must have been three thousand people in the cathedral, the organ burst forth with a tremendous swell, and I wondered that the children who were to be pages and train-bearers did not collapse with fright. The inevitable Suisses appeared, complete with feathered hats and halberds, and then the Honourable Anne Tyrrell, leaning on the arm of her father, the British Ambassador. Her long white and silver train was held by Anne and Hugh Smyth-Piggott and William Cavendish Bentinck, and then came Camilla and Esther Edge, the little daughters of the American Ambassador, and John and Ladislas Czechnowski, the sons of the former Polish Minister at Washington, all the children wearing long white satin trousers or skirts.

THE ceremony itself took place out of sight in the sacristy, and then the Mass was celebrated at the altar by Monseigneur Chaptal. The défilé after the wedding, which at French weddings takes place in the sacristy, was dispensed with very sensibly, for at French marriages the poor bride and groom always have to receive the congratulations of their friends twice—once in the church and then all over again at the reception.

Later, the gardens of the Embassy were a perfect setting, on a thoroughly spring day, for the crowds of people to wander in; the house was filled with flowers, the buffet was placed in the dining-room at one end, and the hundreds of marvellous wedding gifts were displayed in a salon at the opposite end of the house, so the guests' attention was properly divided. Out in the garden the Scottish piper of the Embassy, wearing the Urquhart plaid of Lady Tyrrell's family, played, to the delight of the white-clad children. The bride and bridegroom seemed thoroughly to enjoy being photographed on the terrace, but within the house her bull-dog, very solemn, in spite of the exuberant white tulle bow tied around his neck, looked very disturbed about something.

MONSIGNOR MAGLIONE, the Papal Nuncio, and the entire Diplomatic Corps were present and

(Continued on page 350)

Lilian Harvey, an English girl who was born in Germany. She has played lead in many German films. "A Knight in London," in which she stars, is now to be seen in the West End

TWO ENGLISH FILM STARS ABROAD

Vanda Vangen, the young English film actress, who is the star of the English and German versions of "La fin du Monde." It is being produced near Paris by Abel Gance, the well-known French director

Raphael

FAY COMPTON

A recent photograph of Fay Compton, who made her successful re-appearance at the Playhouse Theatre last Thursday in the new play by Margaret Ayer Barnes and Edward Sheldon entitled "The Dishonoured Lady." Miss Compton was recently the guest of the evening at the Savage Club's Ladies Night

PARIS GOSSIP (continued from page 348)

"Wears . . sprigs of lillies of the valley"

various members of the French Government, including Monsieur Briand. There were the Prince and Princesse Sixte de Bourbon-Parme, the Grand Duchesse Hélène of Russia, Princess Nicolas of Greece, the Princesses Elisabeth and Marina, the Princess André of Greece, Sir Austen and Lady Chamberlain, Miss Diana Chamberlain, the Duchess of Hamilton and Lord Nigel Douglas Hamilton, the Duc and Duchesse de la Rochefoucauld, the Duc and Duchesse de Bisaccia, the Princesse de la Tour d'Auvergne, Lady Margaret Drummond-Hay, Prince and Princess Wiasemski, Sir Charles and Lady Mendl, many Broglies, Rohan-Chabots, and Polignacs, and various members of the bride's and bridegroom's families.

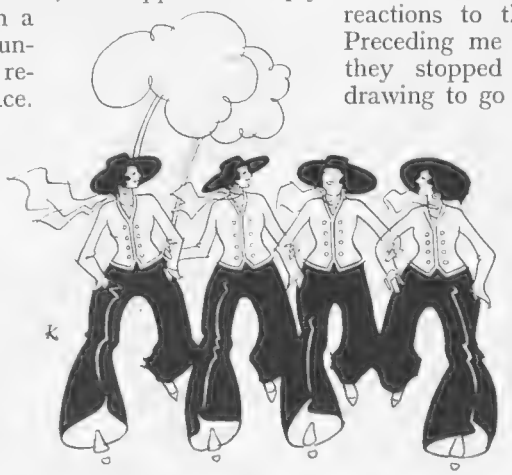
THE following day, the first of May, also started out to be one of brilliant sunshine, but changed its mind. This is the annual date of contrasts, when everybody wears and presents to his friends sprigs of lilies of the valley, and when the Parisian population has a few less newspapers to read, the Communist *L'Humanité, Volonté,* and *Le Républicain* being suppressed. It was truly a strange sight, in the Place de l'Opéra, with dark-helmeted members of the "garde mobile" lounging unmilitarily about the balustrades of the Métro. entrance, waiting for an uprising, and surrounded by dozens of flower vendors with their great baskets of muguet. And this is the day when there are no taxis, so people can walk about town in safety.

I DON'T think Paris knows what it wants. The day the Zeppelin flew over Paris I happened to be trying on a hat at a milliner's overlooking the Place Vendôme. At the stroke of twelve the dirigible appeared very low, smoothly and quietly sailing along towards the Opéra. "Whee, right over Napoleon's statue," I said. "Quelle ironie," said my vendeuse. "But how it completes the décor," said another, "so grey, just the colour of the Colonne Vendôme, a little darker than the sky, a little lighter than the buildings of the Place."

A few minutes later I was in the Rue St. Honoré, this time watching, with hundreds of others, the Zeppelin moving about, with a sudden streak of sunshine and clouds reflecting on its surface.

"Les Français sont bêtes," muttered a Frenchwoman aloud.

But then I heard that last night there never was so chic, so enthusiastic an audience at the Théâtre des Champs Elysées than when the Vienna Symphony played at a gala performance, with Chancellor Schober present in company with Paul Painlevé.



"People can walk about town in safety"

I HAVE never considered the Salon des Humoristes exactly hilarious. I have been amused at some drawings, shocked at others, indifferent to a great many, or not able to see any at all on account of the throngs that gather in the Palais de Glace. This year I decided to go at a time when I would find the exhibition quite empty, so went between twelve and one o'clock, and did find it quite empty except for the presence of an attractive-looking English couple who simply revolutionised my previous reactions to this exhibition. Preceding me by a few feet they stopped before every drawing to go into shouts of laughter, so the next thing I knew I myself was giggling all around the place, without meaning it.

THE best drawings of all are the light but biting compositions of Abel Faivre, in ink and washes of colour, leaving a good deal of white ground. In one of them a woman is taking leave of a friend, saying, "I must hurry. I have a rendezvous with a charming boyfriend." So the other woman, holding out a forgotten handbag, says, "But you are not going without your purse, are you?"

There are, of course, the impudent little Montmartre boys by Poulbot, the originals of the menus one gets at Ciro's, the Café de Paris, etc. The entire child population of the Butte Montmartre are now called "poulbots."

LORD LLOYD has been publishing a series of articles on India in *Figaro,* and is now at Mogosoea, in Roumania, as the guest of the Princesse Marthe Bibesco; the Comtesse de Noailles has written the preface to the catalogue for the exhibition of Rabindranath Tagore's paintings now at the Galerie Pigalle; and the newest night-club is called "Monseigneur," and is in the Rue d'Amsterdam.

S. L.

Topical

Mr. Michael Collier and his bride, Miss Betty Robertson, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Robertson, of Berkhamsted, cutting their wedding cake after their marriage at St. Columba's, Pont Street

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NORMAN KAY

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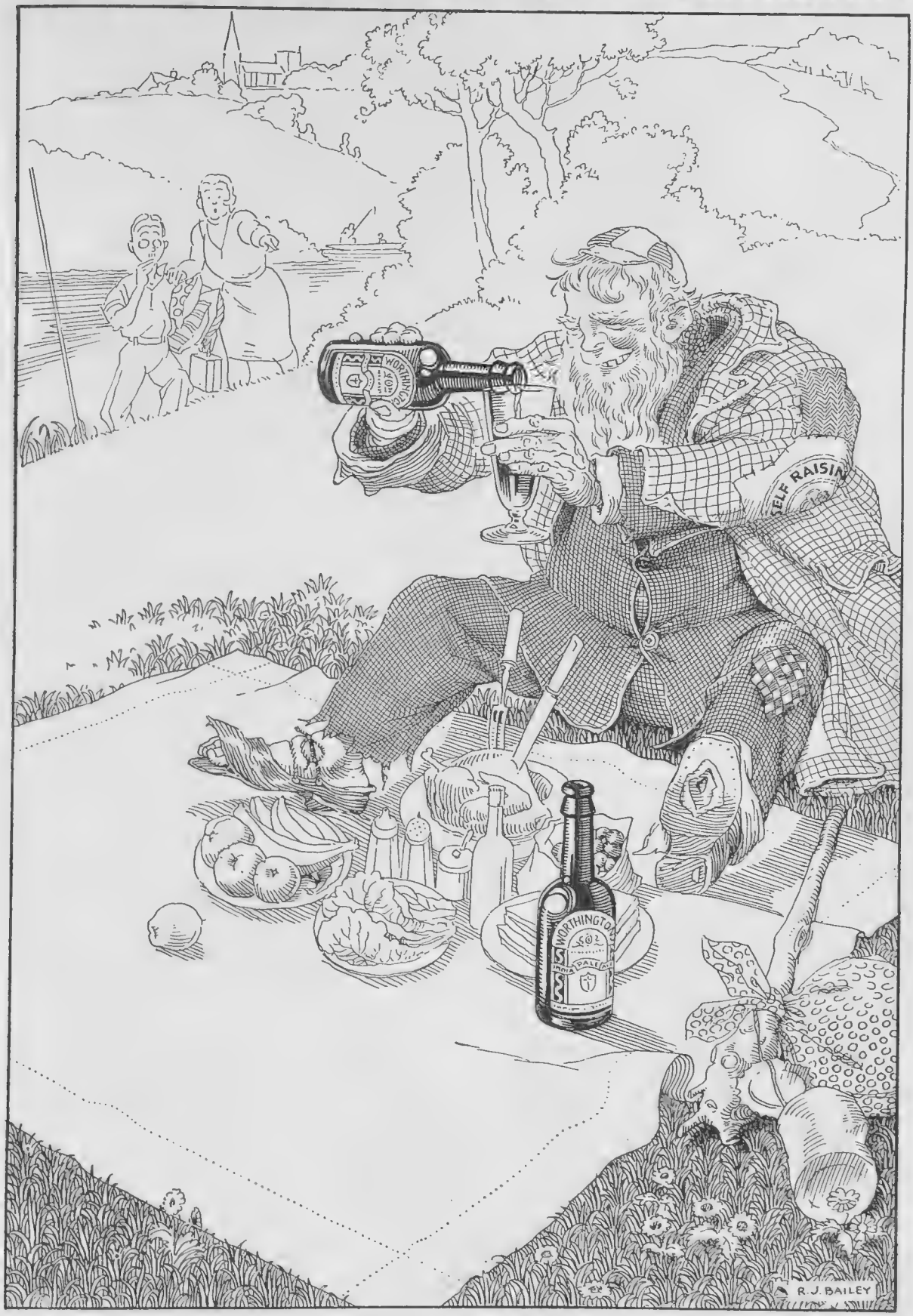


THE MAN IN POSSESSION

BOOKS AND PEOPLE

Express Photos

A "SPEAKING" LIKENESS!

Of Brigadier-General F. P. Crozier. His recently published book of war-time reminiscences, "A Brass Hat in No Man's Land," has evoked a storm of comment and criticism

SECTS and SEX

By Ralph Straus

A BOOK about Brigham Young, who had nineteen wives and was divorced by only one of them; Geoffrey Moss's curious story of a "fallen" man; and a sprightly volume from America (the home of S.A.) called *Is Sex Necessary?*—these are the last three books that I have read. All most interesting and instructive, and we are certainly progressing. Who, in Brother Brigham's day, would have thought of a "fallen" man? Who would have dared to talk of "libido," and, even in fun, gone into the now doubtlessly important question as to what children should "tell" their parents? ("Tell," by the way, when printed between inverted commas, invariably refers to an explanation of what used to be called "the facts of life."

S

Brigham Young, the Mormon Leader and Founder of Salt Lake City (Jarrolds: 18*s.*), is the work of the great Mormon's daughter, Mrs. Susa Young Gates. It is a highly respectable book, but then Brother Brigham was a highly respectable man. You have only to look at his photograph to see how highly respectable he was. And only once did he have any trouble with his wives, and that was when he did not want to marry a fresh one (very keen to become the nineteenth Mrs. Y.), but felt that he ought to live up to his theory "that women should have the right of choice in matrimony." He was a brave man.

S

BUT he was also a great man, as this picturesque history clearly shows. Daughters do not always succeed in avoiding bias when they are persuaded to write paternal biographies, and Mrs. Gates is not always quite as impartial as she might be, but she is not blind to her father's faults. For myself, I had never realised that the man had a sense of humour. But he had. In the days when the Mormons had no fine city to live in, and when most men's hands were against them, not every one of them was satisfied with his lot. One man in particular became more than a little difficult. But Brother Brigham solemnly appointed him Official Camp Grumbler, and all was well.

S

IT is a strange and dramatic story, and if it has been told often enough before it bears retelling. Nineteen wives! And, if we are to believe Mrs. Gates, polygamy was simply forced upon him at first. Afterwards, I suppose, it must have been mere force of habit. But—nineteen! What a pity that the psycho-analysts had not yet been invented!

S

I DO not quite know how seriously Mr. Geoffrey Moss expects us to take his *Little Green Apples; or, The Chronicle of a Fallen Man* (Hutchinson: 7*s.* 6*d.*). It begins rather startlingly with a most ladylike party in an Oxford undergraduate's rooms. A golf "blue" sees a Beardsley print on the walls, and instantly discovers "beauty." This, of course, is not at all the sort of thing that any "blue" ought to find, but find it he does, and as a result goes, very slowly but surely and most regrettably, to the bad. At a French watering-place, it seems, they want a young man to look after their as yet unfinished golf course. The "blue" goes there, and finds that there is nothing to do. He soon comes to the end of his money, and he can find no job. But he is good-looking, and gigolos and near-gigolos are wanted. "Little Green Apples," as they call him, slips down gradually, and finally adopts a very old, but generally feminine, profession. Conveniently there is a rich demi-mondaine in the neighbourhood. There is a little arrangement—which lasts for several months. But there are also rows in the good old way. La Merod goes off, leaving a cheque. In the most manly way Little Green Apples burns the cheque, and makes a great effort to look for work. He is helped by a Parisian dramatist, who likes to see young people in love. He falls in love, and luckily she is rich. All is going to be comparatively lovely in the garden, or, rather, on the golf course. But he is a "blue" and therefore a man of honour. He must tell her of his gory past. He tells her, and she, being, I suppose, quaintly old-fashioned, will have none of him.

S

WELL, it seems to me to be a very odd state of things. But perhaps Mr. Moss is just having his little joke? Perhaps he would have us admire him as a satirist? He is certainly amusing at times. But was it necessary for Little Green Apples to have been a "blue"? Will not Oxford be righteously indignant? A "hearty" descending to this sort of thing? Too shaming!

S

SO I come to the American book. *Is Sex Necessary? or, Why You Feel the Way You Do* (Heinemann: 7*s.* 6*d.*) is the work of James Thurber and E. B. White. It is meant to be very funny. Occasionally it is very funny. It was quite time that the psycho-analysts should be given a little of their own queer medicine. And here you have a kind of mock manual of sex-pyschology, with "cases" all nicely numbered, and a lot of admirable advice about how to get married or unmarried, or whatever you may want to do, and all manner of curiously unexpected and, I am sure, most useful information.

New York, it seems, is the capital of the Sexual Revolution, and the women there are now divided into four classes. You would do well to avoid the "quiet" type, who will slap your face at the smallest provocation, and the "button-hole-twisters" are not really popular. The "I-can't-go-through-with-it" type is not precisely my own style, but you will be fairly safe with the "don't, dear" type, who, it seems, is quite splendidly fitted for the home.

S

NOT bad fun, then, if in places a little too American. And the drawings, fifty-two of them, and some of them delightfully "unconscious"—their inclusion, we are told, was "on the whole intentional"—must be seen to be believed. Also, there is a glossary. And an Introduction. And footnotes. And

(*Continued on page* 354)

Photo by Peter North

AN ASCOT GOWN by Jobel

223, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1
& at Harrogate. *(Only Addresses)*

BOOKS AND PEOPLE (continued from page 352)

what more can you want, particularly as there is no obligation to read every word?

I CAN heartily recommend Mr. Douglas Jerrold's new novel. *Storm over Europe* (Benn: 8*s.* 6*d.*) is an excellent yarn, at once a bundle of excitements and a political satire. You would have thought that enough novels had been written round about a modern revolution in a small European State; you would have thought it impossible to find anything new, or even mildly exciting, about any such hoary old theme. Mr. Jerrold, however, has his own way of going about things. He is witty, he interests you in his people, and he knows how to tell his story. Moreover, he is a daring fellow. Actually, in these days when we are all supposed to be going over willy-nilly towards the Left, he dares to show us a Royalist Counter-Revolution which succeeds, and this in spite of the surprising fact that the "Royal" lady who is placed on the throne has no real business to be there.

Even more surprising is the fact that you believe in the whole affair. It is not a mere Ruritanian fantasy, but exactly what might happen in any country, other than Russia, who endeavoured, as in this book, to "banish" God. And the politics are never dull. They are skilfully mixed in with romance of the most agreeable kind. Not for a long time have I read a novel of this genre which has pleased me so much.

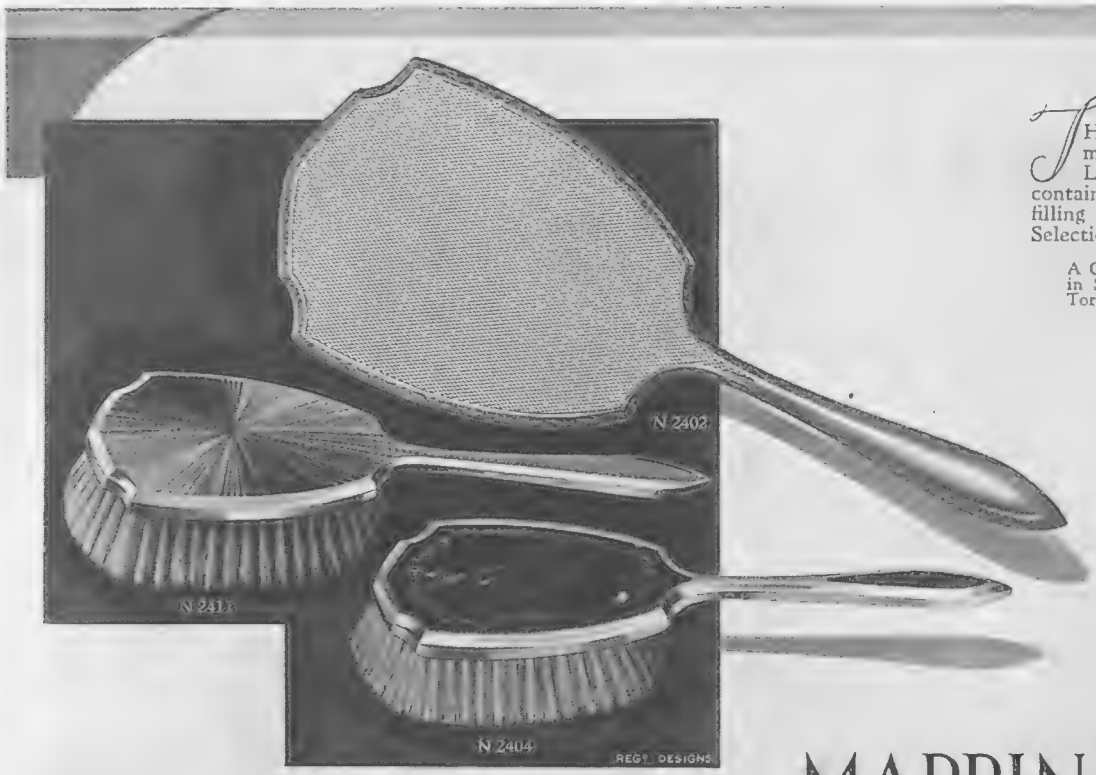
I MUST mention very briefly two books of travel. Anybody thinking of a motor tour abroad would do well to read Mr. Charles J. Freeston's *The Roads of Spain* (Toulmin: 10*s.* 6*d.*), which is not only a very faithful guide to a country not nearly so well known to English people as it ought to be, but also very pleasant to read. I do not wonder that the Spanish Ambassador pays a warm tribute to its merits. Motorists, too, will be interested in Mr. Alfred E. Beckett's *Through the "Sheeres"* (Drane: 7*s.* 6*d.*), which is a light-hearted account of a journey taken by the author, the well-known Sussex journalist, and a friend, through a great part of England, Scotland and Wales. The motorists had a great deal of fun, much of which even mere pedestrians will be able to enjoy reading about. R. S.

BOOKS RECEIVED

GLIMPSES OF THE GREAT. By G. S. Viereck. (Duckworth: 21s.)
SHOCK. By R. V. Marckham. (Collins: 7s. 6d.)
THE NOOSE. By P. Macdonald. (Collins: 7s. 6d.)
THE CAMP BOOK. By Robert Hyde. (Benn: 3s. 6d.)
THE LONGER BODIES. By Gladys Mitchell. (Gollancz: 7s. 6d.)
LITTLE MOUNTEBANK. By S. Mackinlay. (Mills and Boon: 7s. 6d.)
STORM OVER EUROPE. By Douglas Jerrold (Benn: 8s. 6d.)
CINDERELLA'S COUNTRY HOUSE. By Mrs. G. P. Lee. (Benn: 7s. 6d.)
TALES TOLD BY SIMPSON. By May Sinclair. (Hutchinson: 7s. 6d.)
FINE ANGLING FOR COARSE FISH. By Eric Parker. (Seeley Service: 12s. 6d.)
LITTLE GREEN APPLES. By Geoffrey Moss. (Hutchinson: 7s. 6d.)
PEARL DIVER. By Victor Berege and H. W. Lanier. (Heinemann: 10s. 6d.)
THE BOOK OF PUKA-PUKA. By R. D. Frisby. (Murray: 10s. 6d.)
THINGS SEEN IN BELGIUM. By Clive Holland. (Seeley and Co.: 3s. 6d.)
THE BARRISTER. By Sir Harold Morris, K.C. (Bles: 3s. 6d.)
THE PEOPLE OF TOWN. By Ethel Hueston. (Hutchinson: 7s. 6d.)
YO HO, AND A BOTTLE OF RUM! By H. M. Stevenson. (Hutchinson: 7s. 6d.)
LADIES' MAN. By Rupert Hughes. (Hurst and Blackett: 7s. 6d.)
A WILD GOOSE. By Frederick Graves. (Hutchinson: 7s. 6d.)
WHISPERING SHADOWS. By Herman Landon. (Jarrold: 7s. 6d.)
THE ACE OF SPADES. By Henry Holt. (Harrap: 7s. 6d.)
THE KING AGAINST ANNE BICKERTON. By Sydney Fowler. (Harrap: 7s. 6d.)
KINGS, COURTS, AND SOCIETY. Anon. (Jarrold: 18s.)

Bright Intervals is the title—reminiscent of a weather report—of Nancy Hoyt's latest novel. It is the story of Lydia Stephanyi Graeme . . . curiously uneducated in some ways . . . and yet could grade emeralds . . . choose decent wine, speak five languages, and mimic her elders and betters with deadly accuracy. She meets and marries Bill Morton in London, plays with him in Paris, lives with him in New York—and meets catastrophe—but this is not the end of this bright novel, which has just been published by Knopf.

"The Crime Club" has been formed so that all interested in detective fiction may be kept advised of the best new detective novels before they are published. As detective novels are read by Cabinet Ministers, business magnates, Judges, Bishops, teachers, and men and women in every sphere of life—because there is nothing so fascinating as a baffling crime problem—readers interested in this kind of book ought to enrol as a member of the Crime Club, whose headquarters are at 48, Pall Mall.



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FLYING NOTES

ADVANTAGES OF THE MOTH

By Capt. C. E. Ward

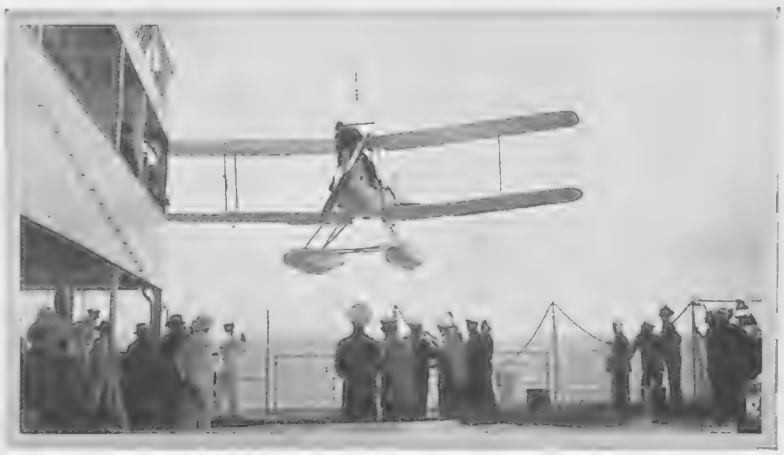
The House of De Havilland

MISS AMY JOHNSON, a member of the London Aeroplane Club flying to Australia, is using the same Gipsy Moth which took Captain Hope to Africa last year, when he was engaged by a London newspaper to secure photographs of the Prince of Wales's previous African trip. The machine is a single-seater carrying approximately 80 gallons of petrol, so that its range is between 1,000 and 1,500 miles, depending on whether the wind is favourable or otherwise. The popularity of the Puss Moth is well assured, De Havillands having sold 80 of this model against deposits with but one experimental machine in wood as a demonstrator.

THE machine in its final form has a metal fuselage, as this form of construction has been found in the case of the open two-seater to be far superior to wood. The design of the Puss Moth has been carried out by Captain De Havilland personally, and he and Captain Broad have put the machine through hundreds of test flights in order to get every detail correct. The Aviation Department opened by Selfridge's has disposed of nine Moths during the last few weeks, several of which are going abroad, including two Puss Moths for French clients.

G.P.A.

Anna May Wong being made a member of the Bluebird Club by Colonel Saunders after completing a flight. Capt. D. S. Barrow, her instructor, is seen on the left



Mr. A. Nathan's Moth seaplane, which he took with him on a trip to the West Indies, being lowered over the side of the R.M.S.P. Alcantara, on which it was stowed, at Barbados. This is the first British light seaplane to go to the West Indies

The King's Cup

THIS famous race will take place on Saturday, July 5, being confined to one day only instead of two, as in previous years. Owners and pilots must be British subjects and machines must be entered by individuals and not by companies, the race being open to any type of bona fide civil machine. The race starts and finishes at Hanworth Park, the headquarters of National Flying Services, and the course is approximately 750 miles, which must be completed by 10 p.m. on the day of the race. This year the circuit will be right-handed, via Hamble, Bristol, Castle Bromwich, Manchester, then across to Newcastle, down to Hull, via Leicester, to London. Machines will be handicapped, the minimum speed being 80 miles per hour. The first prize, of course, is the King's Cup, with £500 from the Rt. Hon. Lord Wakefield of Hythe; additional prizes, which are always numerous, will be announced later. It is too early to discuss entries, but there is to be a determined attempt by numerous light planes to wrest the Cup from the Gloster Grebe, which won it last year, piloted by Ft.-Lt. Atcherley. Late entries will be received by the Royal Aero Club up to noon on Friday, June 13, at a double fee of £10.

Flying Solo at 64

THE day before the Duchess of Bedford left England on the successful return flight from London to Cape Town she made her first solo flight in a light plane. Her practical knowledge of flying was of the greatest assistance to Captain Barnard on the big flight, as she was able to take over the controls of The Spider during spells of good weather. The Duchess was taught to fly at Woburn Abbey, where she has her own private aerodrome, by Mr. Sidney St. Barbe, who is well known as a sky-writing pilot, and is now chief instructor to Brian Lewis and C. D. Barnard, a company engaged solely in selling aircraft and teaching people to fly. Mr. Brian Lewis, the son of Sir Frederick Lewis, the shipping magnate, is a member of the younger school of racing motorists, besides being a skilled pilot.

AN interesting fact about the Bristol Jupiter engine fitted to the Duchess of Bedford's machine is that its reliability was guaranteed in one important respect by fitting K.L.G. plugs, whose record is too well known to need recapitulation. In the early stages of flying engine trouble due to faulty or sooted plugs was common, but this risk has now disappeared.

Safety and Economy

THE steady increase of these two factors is making air travel popular. Safety, of course, is more important than economy, but the latter must receive greater attention by manufacturers in the future if civil aviation is to become self-supporting and private owners numbered in thousands instead of hundreds. The Townend Ring is a recent invention which has increased the economy of operating machines fitted with radial engines. It takes the form of a cowl fitted over the engine, and its effect is to reduce the drag caused by projecting cylinder heads, which interrupt the free flow of air round the body of the machine. Not only is the top speed increased by anything from 5 to 10 miles an hour, depending upon the type of machine concerned, but the ceiling is also improved. Tests on a Genet Avian show that it needs 5 to 10 per cent. less fuel for a given journey.

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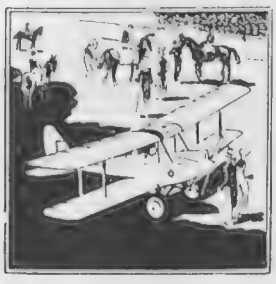

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THE NIGHTMARE (*continued from page 345*)

but for her father, who had been dead for almost nineteen years.

"Daddy!" she murmured aloud, and the sound of her own voice frightened her, and now the sound of her own heart beating.

But Hester had not heard. There was still the line of light around the door. What was Hester doing? A scene she had watched in a moving picture long ago came back to her: a scene in an operating room, where one had a glimpse of the surgical instruments, glittering and sharp. And nurses must know of strange drugs, evil poisons which left no trace. Now the soft, small body shook in a passion of self-pity. To die in the night—and Henry not to know the way of her dying!

But again a blind, unreasoning fear rose over her self-pity, and she whimpered to herself, "I cannot bear this! I cannot bear this any longer!"

Slowly, without making any sound, she got out of bed. Shivering, she pulled a dressing-robe over her shoulders—walked to the window.

There was a trellis down the wall of the house—better, she thought, than Hester's twisted sheet. She became more sensible, even crafty. She went back to the room to find her slippers and her coat. Again she battled with the green curtain; again she made out the pattern of the trellis.

Her breathing was uneven, rasping—but it seemed to her that she had been breathing this way always, that all her life she had been moving through this nightmare to the trellis, to the high road below.

Dimly she could discern each safe foothold. There would not be more than twelve steps to the ground, because, fortunately, the ground rose to its highest point just beneath the window in Bonny's room. She noticed this quite sensibly, with the careful logic of one in an evil dream. She gripped the sill with her small plump hands and raised one knee, too, to the sill.

Each movement was obvious: the turn of her body, the securing of the first foothold, then the easy swing over the window-sill.

She could not climb out of the window. She had not the courage for this. She still clung, trembling, to the sill, maddened by the sweet, rain-washed fragrance of the night, straining to see the distant thread of the highway, to hear the muffled purr of passing automobiles.

Time after time she tried to bring herself to the first easy swing. But each time she could not; each time she failed in courage . . . until, quite distinctly, quite unmistakably, she heard the stealthy sound of footsteps in the room next door. And at last, with an effort beyond courage and beyond sanity, she flung herself over the sill to the first foothold.

But her two soft hands slipped in terror from the sill and clung only for a moment to the wet, lashing curtains that billowed out from the long, wide window.

The doctor liked his breakfast-trays to be immaculate and inviting. According to his order for Bonny Mathison, her tray held orange-juice in a thin bright glass, two brown eggs under a silver dome, a small pot of coffee, and a jug of country cream. But Hester herself had thought of the yellow bud, a few clear drops of rain still bright on its young green leaves.

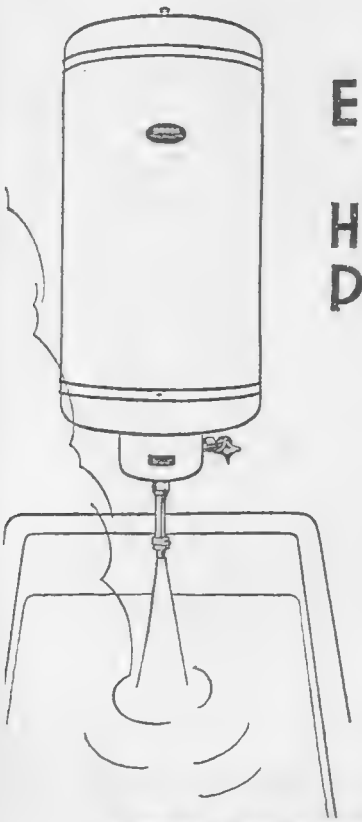
The yellow rose was in expiation. She had had a bad night. Several times she had come softly to Bonny's door, always to remember just before she knocked how soundly Bonny had always slept—like a baby, like a good kitten.

But now she entered almost eagerly, the light of a warm sun washing over her starched dress, over the pretty tray, over the threshold of her sister's room.

For a long time she stared at the empty, tumbled bed. Then slowly, very slowly, her eyes went to the window. Inevitably her eyes went to the window.

The window was open, as she had known it would be—and the green curtains were stirring idly in a light and inconsequential breeze.

J. B.



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AFTER signing the Agreements dealing with the Rhineland Evacuation at The Hague on August 30th, 1929, a "SWAN" Fountain Pen was again used in affixing the signatures to the London Naval Treaty at St. James' Palace on April 22nd this year.

The Pen was afterwards presented by M. Aristide Briand to Mr. Ramsay MacDonald as a memento of this historic occasion.

A further distinction has thus been added to the high reputation already enjoyed by the

'SWAN' PEN

Presentation "Swan" Pens in Solid Gold from 90/-, Rolled Gold 45/-, Sterling Silver 40/-, Exquisite Coloured "Swans" from 17/6, other Self-filling "Swan" Pens from 15/-.

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Look for this Sachet

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There is no wave like the Eugène Wave—there is no Curl like the Eugène Curl — because there is no Sachet like the Eugène Perforated Sachet shown above. It is this ingenious device that has made Eugène Waving so safe and so gentle. It controls and directs the steam during the waving so that those few inches of newly grown straight hair can be separately waved while protecting the previously waved hair.

Be sure your hairdresser uses the genuine Eugène Sachets as above. You can recognise them by the Eugène Trade Mark, or a sample Sachet, with explanatory booklet, may be had post free on application to Eugène, Ltd., 31, Dover Street, Piccadilly, W.1.

eugène

PERMANENT WAVES

THE POLO SEASON OPENS

Topical

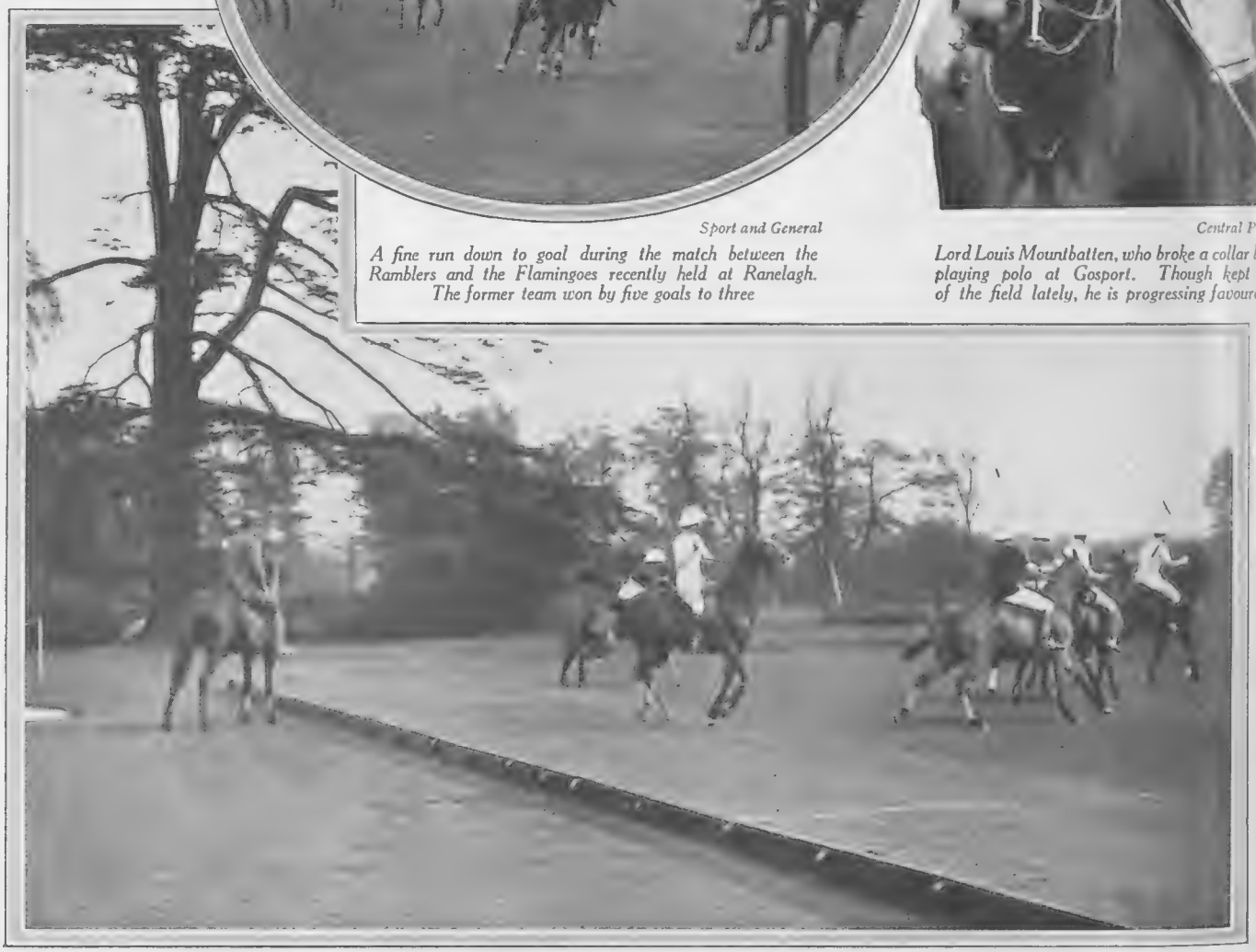
The 5th Inniskilling Dragoon Guards team who played the Toulston Polo Club, near Tadcaster, Yorks They are Messrs. R. P Harding, M.. Ansell, C F. Keightley, and A. J. Scott

Sport and General

A fine run down to goal during the match between the Ramblers and the Flamingoes recently held at Ranelagh. The former team won by five goals to three

Central Press

Lord Louis Mountbatten, who broke a collar bone playing polo at Gosport. Though kept out of the field lately, he is progressing favourably



POLO AT RANELAGH *Central Press*

An incident in the recent game between the Life Guards and the Rovers, which was won by the former by five goals to four

Fashions Fancies

Exclusive BYSTANDER *photograph* *By Underwood*

"ALL NATURE IS BUT ART, UNKNOWN TO THEE"

And here, in these beautiful Ciro jewels, is shown the highest form of art—that which, by its perfection, defies comparison. The perfectly graduated Ciro pearls have all the depth and iridescence of the Oriental pearl, while carved Ciro emeralds, rubies, sapphires, and diamonds are used in the ear-rings and the clip-on brooch. The bracelet is composed of Ciro sapphires and diamonds, a Ciro emerald, and a Ciro sapphire surrounded by diamonds being present in the rings

SUMMER MODES

Three new evening necklaces from Gooch. The first is of imitation crystal, the second of pink sliced glass, with long tassels and a matching bracelet, and the third is composed of pearls

By OLIVE CALEY SMITH

Organdies and Muslins

THERE is an air of demure quaintness about many of the frocks that are being made for Ascot and for the outdoor functions which will soon be upon us. Long skirts have influenced feminine thoughts in the direction of old-world fabrics, and organdies, muslins, delicate prints, and crisp cottons have returned to favour. The majority of these frocks sway outwards from the hips and terminate just above the ankles, uneven and even hems both having their adherents. Flared frills, edged with pleats or ruchings, form two- or three-tiered skirts, and border little shoulder capes, while fin-like draperies standing out from the body of the frock give it a diaphanous air, and are both practical and effective. Completely bare arms are no longer in the picture. They must either be veiled by a shoulder cape tied with long, fluttering ends, by a fichu or berthe, or by short sleeves which half cover the upper arm.

Beach Suits and Jewellery

THE delights of a holiday beside the sea will be heightened this year by the gaiety of the newest swimming suits and beach wraps, an interesting display of which took place at Gooch's, of Knightsbridge. Colourful capes and coats in towelling and heavy linens were decorated with boldly appliquéd motifs, while one was expressed in very soft natural-coloured straw embroidered with gambolling lambs! There were also some admirable Jantzen swimming suits, and a wonderful range of fast colours distinguished the Ribana models, some of which were plain, while others were smartly striped. Rubber necklaces, composed of twisted strands threaded through large round beads, are the latest vogue in beach jewellery, another amusing novelty taking the form of straw plaques joined together by filigree silver links. Illustrated at the head of this page are three important evening necklaces. The first costs one guinea and is of imitation crystal in white and lovely colours. In the centre is a decorative pink sliced glass affair, mingled with paste rondels and minute silver beads. This, together with the matching bracelet, is priced at 32*s.* 6*d.* Lastly, for 39*s.* 6*d.*, there is a very original pearl necklet with a crystal clasp of modern design.

Blue organdi, piped with pink and embroidered with flowers, makes the little girl's frock, which comes from La Grande Maison de Blanc, while the romper is of yellow and white tussore

For Nursery Folk

YEAR by year it seems that children's clothes become more charming, while their simplicity is a tribute to the good sense of modern mothers. Sketched at the foot of this page is an ideal romper, which permits of unrestricted movement. It is made of yellow tussore piped with white and has appliquéd flowers on the collar and pockets. Pale blue organdi is used for the little girl's frock, which is ornamented with pink strappings and embroidered with pink and green flowers. They both come from La Grande Maison de Blanc, 133, New Bond Street, where a collection of wholly delightful garments for children of all ages may be found.

Ageless Modernity

A YOUTHFUL appearance is a tremendous asset, and since nothing militates against it so much as greying hair, it behoves everybody to guard themselves from this enemy, the more especially as in these days it is a very simple matter. Caradium Hair Restorer, which is guaranteed not to be a dye, is a Radio Active lotion which brings back to grey or faded hair the colour it possessed in youth. Ten days or a fortnight is usually sufficient to work this transformation, and as the change is natural and gradual detection is impossible. It will not stain linen nor the skin, and in point of fact it keeps the scalp clean and promotes its healthiness. Further details supplied on receipt of a postcard sent to 38, Great Smith Street, S.W.

RUS IN URBE AT HARROGATE

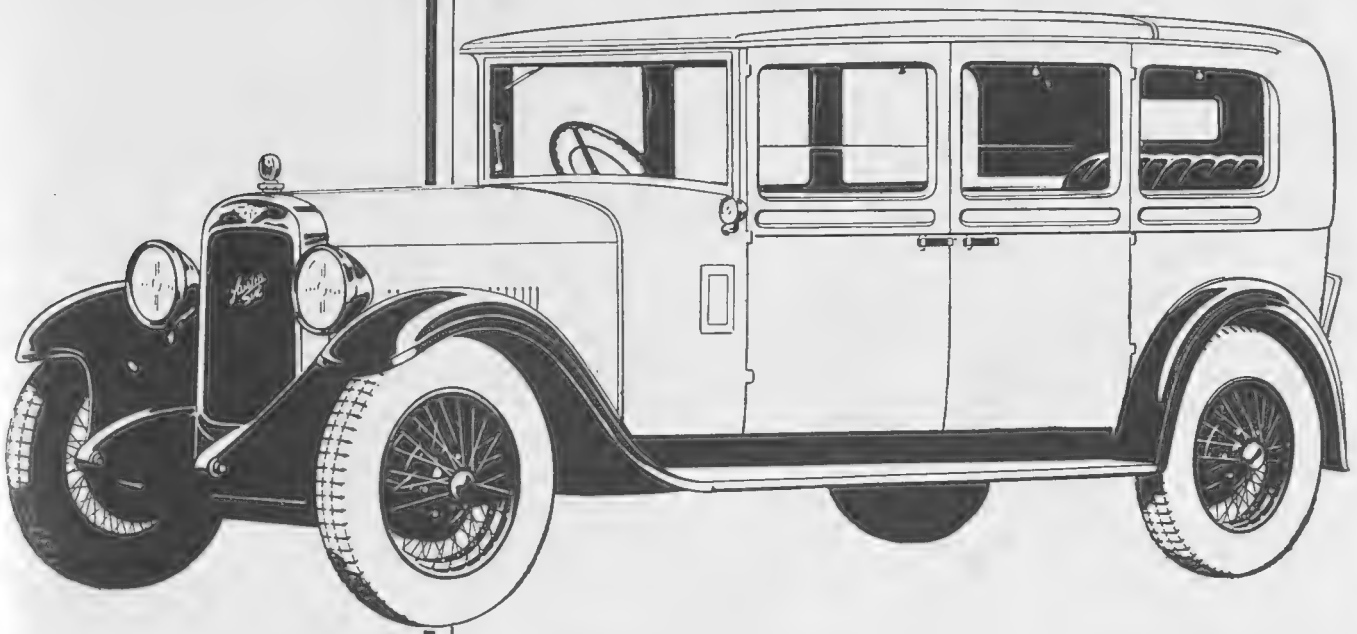
A delightful rural scene in the pine woods at Harrogate. An example of the many beauty spots that can be visited near this celebrated spa. The above is only ten minutes' walk from the centre of the town

The Camera in Art

Two Striking Photographic Studies

THE camera is now fully recognised as a medium of Art, and the two studies seen on this page exemplify the high quality of the photographer's skill. In the upper picture the spirit of joyfulness has been captured as surely as has the interpretation of despair in the lower picture

A S · D E P E N D A B L E · A S · A N · A U S T I N



"19,683 miles since last decarbonising — still averaging over 40 miles per hour!"

Owner Report No. 312; Car No. 1798; Engine No. E6 pl 1856.6; Registered No. P.G. 49; Delivery Date June 1929.*

Austin owners are few and far between whose cars are not giving satisfaction beyond what they had expected. Here is the observation of an owner of an Austin "Twenty" whose car is in constant daily use: Since last the engine was decarbonised, the car has covered 19,683 miles.

Further—the engine shows no sign of needing decarbonisation. In fact, the owner says, "*it pulls better than ever and the car, a heavy limousine, averages forty miles per hour on long cross country runs.*"

No sign of stress or engine reluctance are apparent even when, after a prolonged run, the car is given maximum throttle. The engine responds gallantly.

This is what is meant by Austin dependability.

Nor is Austin performance of this calibre cited as unusual or exceptional. It is typical of what Austin owners may expect—and obtain. For Austin's exacting precision in manufacture ensures a degree of uniformity which is almost uncanny. See your nearest Austin dealer and arrange to drive an Austin yourself.

**Remember. This is an Austin owner's experience. No specially made tests are published in this series of reports.*

The "Twenty" Ranelagh Limousine

As Illustrated

£630

Upholstery is in leather, furniture hide or moquette. Equipment includes 'Biflex' magnetically operated dip and switch headlights, luggage carrier, Triplex glass, chromium plating, Dunlop tyres.

Other "Twenty" Models.

Open Road 7-seater	£530
Marlborough Landaulet	£560
Carlton Saloon	*£560
Fabric Saloon (with division)	£630

(*Sliding Sunshine Roof £10 extra.)

READ THE AUSTIN MAGAZINE 4d. every month.

AUSTIN

The Austin Motor Co. Ltd., Longbridge, Birmingham. Showrooms, also Service Station for the Austin Seven: 479-483 Oxford Street, London, W.1. Showrooms and Service Station: Holland Park Hall, W.11.

MOTOR NOTES

SENSIBLE SIGNPOSTS AT LAST

By E. M. Wright

BOBBY HOWES

The popular comedian, seen beside his six-cylinder Standard Envoy Saloon. With him is Mr. Cecil Williams, the Sales Manager of the Standard Motor Company

THE new system introduced by the R.A.C. of placing signposts about a hundred yards in advance of the crossing or turning will be welcomed by everyone who has ever had to follow an unfamiliar road. Till very recently signposts, like the roads themselves, had altered scarcely at all since the coaching days. The A.A. have already done a great deal to remedy this state of affairs. Is this new departure of the R.A.C., I wonder, prompted by a spirit of rivalry? At any rate, so long as their rivalry finds expression in such eminently practical measures, it is very much to be welcomed.

***

WHILE applauding the public spirit and the enterprise of the R.A.C., however, one is tempted to ask why it is that a body representing only a proportion of one section of the community should bear the cost of what will benefit every road user. Both the A.A. and the R.A.C. perform many duties which are properly the functions of the police or of local councils; and it is a question whether they (i.e., their members) ought meekly to shoulder other people's burdens as they have done for so many years. Though, for the time being, the work they now do would certainly be left undone, it might in the long run pay the motoring community better were these two organisations to devote the money they now spend on public services to a campaign urging public bodies to a more lively sense of their duties.

***

WHETHER the motoring organisations or the local authorities undertake the work, however, there is no doubt that it needs doing. Our present signposts are not good. They are frequently in bad positions; they are often hard to read; and very often, too, the directions they give merely confuse one more. At present all signposts are erected on road junctions. A driver wishing to read one is forced either to pull up, usually in a position involving danger to other traffic, or to drive slowly past the signpost, endeavouring to read it as he passes, thus constituting himself a double danger, since not only is his attention at a corner or cross-road diverted from his driving, but also he may find on reading the signpost that he has overshot his turning and must either turn round or reverse.

***

THE absence of continuity is another disconcerting factor. One signpost may direct a driver to Reading, Bath and Bristol; the next may bear directions to Newbury and Chippenham, which, although they both lie on the Bath Road, may lead a driver unfamiliar with that particular route to think he is on the wrong road. A signpost to be economical and useful must in nearly every case bear two, three or even four place names. No sign yet produced does this in such a fashion that he who runs may read, for to read the directions on a present-day signpost a motorist must slow down to walking pace or stop altogether. The existing system of signposting, in short, involves enormous loss of time and very greatly increases the element of danger at corners and cross-roads.

***

THE new system introduced by the R.A.C. will supplement the existing form of signposting. It will deal with towns of major importance and will at first be confined to main roads. It is designed to carry the driver to his destination without the need of stopping, and without the possibility of dangerous hesitation at cross-roads. It will link up the principal towns on a route, ignoring intermediate villages and smaller towns. At approximately one hundred yards before a road junction of importance will be placed an R.A.C. Direction Sign, indicating the names of the principal towns that lie straight ahead or to the right or left. The sign will thus be seen considerably in advance of the actual turning, and the driver will be aware before reaching a corner which direction he should follow. Further, the character of such signs will indicate to drivers the type of road junction they are approaching and will place them on the qui vive for other traffic.

***

THE signpost will not be of the familiar type with arms, but will be flat and will face the oncoming driver. It will be so placed in a

(*Continued on page* iv)

ON THE ROAD TO MONTE CARLO

One of the new Morris-Oxford six-cylinder Saloon cars seen on the road between Nice and Monte Carlo, which runs through magnificent scenery

THE
ROLLS-ROYCE
IS AS SILENT AS ITS SHADOW

Champs-Elysees, Paris.

A HOOPER
ROLLS-ROYCE

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By Appointment to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.

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Motor-Body-Builders and Coachbuilders.

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H.M. THE KING OF SPAIN.
H.M. THE KING OF SWEDEN.
H.M. THE KING OF EGYPT.
H.I.M. THE SHAH OF PERSIA
H.I.M. THE EMPEROR OF JAPAN.

54, ST. JAMES'S ST., PICCADILLY, LONDON, S.W.1

Kennington Service.

MOTOR NOTES (continued from page ii)

conspicuous position on the near side of the road that the occupants of a low-built saloon may read it. It will include direction arrows to show whether a town lies straight on, or to the right or the left—or even half-right or half-left. The letters giving the names of the three or four towns on each signpost will be large enough to be read easily and clearly a considerable distance away by the occupants of a car travelling at a normal touring speed.

***

To keep the size of the signs within reasonable limits, however, the names of the towns will be abbreviated to three, or at most four, letters. Thus, "BTH" will represent Bath, "BTL" Bristol, "YRK" York, "LDS" Leeds, and so on. Under each abbreviation will be written the full name of the town in smaller lettering, thus obviating any possibility of misunderstanding. Motorists, of course, will have to show ordinary common sense and have some rough idea of the geography of the surrounding district. A motorist on the Newmarket Road, for instance, seeing the letters "NCH" on a signpost would naturally be expected to associate them with Norwich and not with Nantwich. The appearance of the signs has been carefully studied so that they will attract a driver's eye without being glaring or objectionable. They will be mounted on single white and black posts, and, being compact, are suitable for use in urban areas.

India in Scotland

Those whose business it is frequently to attend trade functions have heard innumerable speakers *talk* of "business enterprise." A Scottish firm recently gave its guests definite proof that they understood the meaning of the phrase. For, in connection with the opening of the new offices and factory of India Tyre and Rubber Co., Ltd., at Inchinnan, recently by the Rt. Hon. J. H. Thomas, Lord Privy Seal, not only were special trains and special boats chartered to transport the 5,000 people who attended from all parts of the United Kingdom, but an Imperial Airways liner was commissioned to bring some of the guests from London. Originally an American concern, India Tyre and Rubber Co., Ltd., began to manufacture in Scotland to profit by the protection of the McKenna Duties. The present company, floated last year, has bought out the American interests and the concern is now entirely British. About 1,500 tyres a day are being turned out, giving employment to over 2,000 British workpeople. The business is steadily growing, and, incidentally, it is the policy of the company when taking on new hands to recruit the majority of them from among unemployed miners.

The front view of the new offices of the India Tyre and Rubber Co. (Great Britain), Ltd., at Inchinnan, near Glasgow. They were opened by the Rt. Hon. J. H. Thomas, Lord Privy Seal, on April 30

New Ewart Discs

I was more than usually interested in a very attractive little folder which I have just received from Ewart and Son, Ltd., announcing patterns and prices of discs for all Morris models, including the Minor, and a new type for the Austin Seven. The latest Ewart discs are beautifully made and very cleverly designed, so that it is only necessary to slacken one central stud in order to remove the whole disc when one does want to see inside, e.g., to get at the tyre valve. The prices are very competitive, and readers interested should write to the firm at 376, Euston Road, N.W.1. E. M. W.

to

Castrol users

WARNING!

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South Kensington, S.W.3.
20/1/30.

Messrs. C. C. WAKEFIELD & Co., Ltd.

Dear Sirs,

I am an owner-driver of 30 years' experience.

On various occasions I have purchased from a Garage a gallon of XL Oil, and have been under the impression all the time, that I was being supplied with Castrol XL, for I naturally concluded that XL applied only to your manufacture. Apparently this is not so.

On Tuesday morning last I journeyed to Norfolk from London having first used a portion of the Oil purchased from the garage in question.

The normal oil pressure should register 40 on my car, but, after going about 20 miles I found the pressure had dropped to between 10 and 15, and the engine was fearfully hot, although the supply of oil in the sump was well above the level.

I noticed that oil was being thrown out from the engine, and it occurred to me that the oil looked very thin. To test this I purchased a supply of Castrol XL. I immediately found the pressure rose to the required 40 points, although after a few miles running it went back to about 30 because of the previous oil that was still in the sump.

On arriving back in London, I communicated with the garage in question and related my experience. I then learned to my surprise that the oil I purchased was not Castrol XL.

I have no hesitation in saying that the oil supplied would have ruined my engine in a very short space of time.

The point I wish to make is that, as naturally many owners of vehicles are under the impression that if they buy a gallon of loose oil, and ask for XL, that the lubricant supplied is Castrol.

You may make whatever use you please of this letter. It may be very helpful to other motorists.

Yours faithfully,
(signed) Geo. W. Roche, F.A.L.P.A.

Say CASTROL *XL, not just XL*

WAKEFIELD

CASTROL

MOTOR OIL

C. C. WAKEFIELD & CO., LTD., Wakefield House, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, E.C.2

"The magical Six"

The 14 H.P. Deauville Saloon £495

Quite recently a correspondent at the conclusion of a week-end run in a Riley Six concluded an account of his experience thus—"We reached home to retire to bed with an unusual sense of contentment and appreciation and a longing for another and longer run in such an immensely intriguing car."

And you will experience a similar feeling for rarely have such beauty of line and such a high standard of performance been associated.

This results from the combination of the famous 14 h.p. 6 cylinder chassis, with all its exclusive features, and the beautifully designed and luxurious metal-panelled Deauville body, and is supplemented with an economy in upkeep quite exceptional (25 miles to the gallon of petrol and 65 miles per hour are well within its capabilities) and an ease of control always ensured by its extremely flexible power unit and twin top gear.

And "this magical Six" can be supplied in many optional two-tone colour finishes at £495.

Write us for further details and appointment for a demonstration.

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Special Riley Display at Henly's, Devonshire House, Piccadilly, London, from May 12 to 17

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WEATHERCOAT.

Rainproof yet porous. Cool and light.

A *Wemco* FABRIC

Tricoline The Night Wear Men Prefer.

PYJAMAS made in "TRICOLINE" bring luxury and comfort to your sleeping hours. "TRICOLINE" Shirts and Collars, whilst denoting good taste and judgment in dress, are finely made in a fabric well known for ease and wear.

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(WEST HANTS CLUB, BOURNEMOUTH)

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THE NEW IMPROVED "En-Tout-Cas"

HARD LAWN TENNIS COURTS

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CHALLENGE ROUND OF FINALS

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Agents for Canada: ERNEST A. PURKIS, Ltd., 53 Yonge Street, Toronto.

SHOOTING NOTES

ALL DRESSED UP—BUT SOMEWHERE TO GO Photopress

The five daughters and the little son of Mr and Mrs. Charles F. Edwards, of Mount Seifton, Craven Arms, near Shrewsbury, are all keen riders and between them have won numerous prizes and trophies. At the moment they are busy preparing for the forthcoming shows and spend much of their time in the field jumping and training their ponies

THE MUCH-MALIGNED ROOK

By "Clodhopper"

DURING the close season for stag-hunting and other branches of field sport there is seemingly no better bait to set for that undesirable species of the genus Homo, the Socialist kill-sport, than a young and succulent rook. My recent Notes in THE BYSTANDER on the virtues and villainies of Corvus frugilegus, on the land and in the rearing-field, prompted the League for the Prohibition of Cruel Sports and the Animals' Friend Society to send for my edification a couple of pamphlets entitled, respectively, "The Much-maligned Rook" and "The Value of the Rook." Attached to these gems of ornithological ineptitude was the following graceful but somewhat cryptic greeting to my unworthy self: "With compliments to 'Clodhopper' and with thanks for his word in season for the 'thoughtful parent' whose *babies* are to be blown to pieces by the 'gallant' sportsman."

NOW, presumably, I am the "gallant" sportsman in question. But there will be no blowing to pieces of young rooks by me this month. Every moment of my well-earned leisure will be occupied in the gentle blood-sport of deluding innocent and harmless Welsh trout into the belief that a Hackle Red Upright or a Hare's Ear Flax are dainty and digestible morsels, and not the snares of a cruel and deceptive sportsman. May I, however, point out to the well-meaning but misguided and unsophisticated compiler of "The Much-maligned Rook" (this pamphlet may be purchased for the modest sum of one halfpenny a copy or fifty for a shilling, post free—cheap enough if only to convert into pipe-spills) that neither trench mortars nor explosive bullets have yet come into general use for blowing baby rooks to pieces?

VERY few of the "fliers" when wheeling over the tops of the tall woodland trees which form the site of the rookery offer any but fairly high shots, so high in fact that although a 12- or 28-bore even will kill a bird instantly at such range, it will not spoil it as an article of food. The same remark applies to the .22 rifle, which is so often used in rook shooting.

MAX BAKER'S SHOOTING NOTE

WHEN TO BUY SECOND-HAND GUNS

THE present month brings the latest opportunity to buy a second-hand gun under the best conditions, that is, well in advance of the rush which naturally occurs on the eve of a new season. Many imagine that its purchase can be left till later, since it has only to be chosen and taken away. But there is so much luck in finding just what is wanted that the business should be timed when there is plenty of leisure to look around and to test the promising candidates. The range of selection is probably greater now than at any other time. Also, no trouble would be begrudged in altering stock length and making any needful change in bend or cast-off, not to forget the easing at the comb that a sturdy thumb-ball may require. Trigger pull adjustment may be a tedious job and is best put in hand when distractions are absent. Even in the dead period to come there will be opportunities to make practical test of the fit. Succulent young rabbits will soon be plentiful. Scientifically stalked and shot in orthodox snap style they offer a searching test of instinctive alignment, the grass acting as white-washed plate to show where the charge has struck. The time is also due when birds of depraved habit visit the rearing field, doing enormous damage till their career is ended. A strange gun soon becomes an intimate friend when every excuse is seized to carry it about.

HAVING descanted at considerable length upon the manifold and inimitable virtues of the rook as a friend and benefactor to mankind in general and to the agriculturist in particular—with this, up to a certain point, I entirely agree, as will be seen in "Shooting Notes" of April 23 last—the pamphleteer under the headline, "The Rook's Faults," says:—

"Rooks have their faults, but these are so inconspicuous when balanced against their virtues as to be practically negligible. The worst that can be said of them is that some rooks (by no means all) may occasionally take a few eggs for their nestlings, and apart from grain picked up after harvesting operations they may, when the ground is too hard to permit access to insect food and when they are suffering the pangs of hunger, consume a certain amount of grain, damage a few late-sown winter beans, potatoes, and roots, and take a few green walnuts, but the labourer is worthy of his hire, and the rook's wage is trifling indeed in comparison with his year-long work."

I VENTURE to think that the above paragraph would not have found its way into type had the writer thereof read the Ministry of Agriculture's recent report on the enormous losses sustained by those engaged in farming and kindred industries through the depredations of rooks—losses which render the thinning out of these feathered pests absolutely essential in the interest of agriculture, to say nothing of poultry and game-rearing. It must be perfectly obvious to anyone of common intelligence who has studied the ways and vices of Brer Rook in his natural habitat that the L.P.C.S. could not well have championed the cause of a much greater enemy to the farmer than that ebon villain. Indeed, there is but one other species of our native avifauna that plays even more havoc to cultivation than the rook, namely, the wood-pigeon. In due course we may, perchance, have the pleasure of reading a eulogium on the merits of the latter incorrigible rogue in feathers.

Why they come to Scotland!

A. & A. CRAWFORD — LEITH, SCOTLAND.
London Office:—24-26, Monument Street, E.C.3.

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DOGS

THE REAL OLYMPIANS

By "The Kennelman"

YESTERDAY Terriers of all breeds held the stage at Olympia, and to-day and to-morrow (Wednesday and Thursday) the same big roof shelters the great annual Show of the Ladies' Kennel Association, now one of the three or four biggest doggy events of the year and a notable social tamasha, besides being a fascinating spectacle for sporting folk generally and amateurs of Dogs in particular. H.H. Princess Helena Victoria is to present prizes in the special Children's classes, and along with many other interesting competitions there will be obedience tests for Alsatians. Too jolly and important a gathering to be missed.

LOVERS of that sterling old countryman, the Bobtail, should note that the Old English Sheepdog Club (hon. sec., Mr. F. J. Sanders, of Oakleigh, Ponsford, near Bristol) will hold a Show in London next Saturday. By permission of Mrs. John Thynne a Dog Show will be held in the grounds of Red Court, Haslemere, on the 22nd. Henley and Maidenhead have Shows fixed for the last week of this month, and fixtures for June include Reading, Regent's Park, Windsor, Epping, Oxford, Shrewsbury, Hatfield, Bournemouth, Winchester, Westcliff, and many others.

AMONG the most enviable of lucky Dogs must be included Tatters, the putative author of an exceptionally jolly new book (Cecil Palmer: 5s.) called "The Diary of a Dog." Its subtitle is "Three Months in Kashmir," and its many illustrations, apart from the lively and diverting text, make clear the fact that that Eastern paradise of mountain, river, forest and lake can be Paradise indeed for a Dog of sporting bent who has his wits about him and the right sort of human pals. In her Foreword the Duchess of Hamilton and Brandon says that we have definitely "passed the stage when man denied that animals had minds," but are "as yet but on the threshold of discovering how near the animal mind is to ours." Well, books like this graphic "Diary," and Dogs like the fortunate Tatters, should help many people to make their way into the delectable world in which mutual understanding makes for the jolliest sort of companionship.

AGRICULTURAL SHOW AT AYR Central News

Miss Constance McDuff, with her prize-winning team of Scottish Great Danes seen at the Ayrshire Agricultural Show

CORRESPONDENTS inquiring about the hand-rearing of very young pups—teapot spouts, rubber teats and such-like makeshifts — should remember that not even the most ingenious kind of hand-rearing can equal the security of a suitable foster-mother's services. Canine foster-mothers are always available for hire. Advice can be had from the Free Information Bureau, 40, St. Mary Axe, E.C.3; or reference can be made to the advertisements in *The Dog World, Our Dogs,* and other journals. The average foster-mother can be relied on to rear comfortably and well from one to three or four pups.

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USE KEROL—regularly for his kennel.
Buy it from your chemist or stores, or where you buy your Spiller's Dog Foods. 1/- a bottle.
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DOG MIXTURE In Bottles from 2/6
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THE FINEST TONIC & PICK-ME-UP
2 BARTHOLEMEW CLOSE LONDON, E.C.1.

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UNSCENTED AND VIOLET SCENTED SOAP 2/- IN BOXES OF 3 TABLETS.
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Obtainable direct and at Boots' Branches, Taylors Drug Co., Whites Ltd., Army & Navy Stores, Harrods, etc., and all Chemists and Stores.

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For so long women have desired fine lingerie as comfortable *after* exercise as *during* exercise—with the lightest possible texture, and capable of consistent use. Chilprufe's solution, this new Luxury series, permits athletic vigour and freedom with never a hint of chill or clamminess to follow. A triumph of slenderness and lasting beauty—though you would hardly suspect that triumph had been attained through Pure Wool. Finer, lighter knitting, from choicest yarn, on new and costly machines, are the reasons.

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CÔTELETTES D'AGNEAU À LA SARDINIÈRE.

POMMES NOUVEAU.

ASPERGES.
SAUCE HOLLANDAISE.

SOUFFLÉ GLACÉ.

CAVIAR CANAPÉS.

DESSERT. CAFÉ.

Hors d'Œuvre

OLIVES À LA METROPOLE are olives stuffed with green butter set in little rounds of aspic and served on slices of sausage garnished with green butter.

Filets de Saumon Frits à la Crème d'Anchois

CUT some slices of salmon about two inches thick and place in cold salted water for about an hour before cooking. Dry them, and dip them in flour and then into the beaten yolk of an egg. Then put the slices into boiling fat and fry for ten minutes for each pound of fish. See that the fish is well covered when frying. Serve hot garnished with parsley and anchovy cream.

Côtelettes d'Agneau à la Sardinière

TRIM and shape the cutlets, dip them in well-beaten egg, season and sprinkle with breadcrumbs. Melt 4 oz. butter in a frying pan and lay in the cutlets. Chop a shallot and a little parsley very finely and place in a stewpan with 1 oz. of butter and fry for five minutes. Add a few chopped mushrooms, eight olives cut in quarters, 3 oz. of lean ham cut in dice, a tablespoonful each of vinegar and mushroom ketchup, and simmer gently for one hour.

Soufflé Glacé

WHIP half a pint of thick cream, add a wineglassful of maraschino; beat the whites of four eggs well, and mix them with the cream. Pour into a soufflé dish surrounded with a band of paper two inches higher. Leave on ice for some hours.

Caviar Canapés

CUT some slices of crumb of bread a quarter of an inch thick; cut them out with a plain two-inch cutter, and fry these rounds with a little clarified butter till of a light golden colour. When cold, spread them with butter and place a layer of caviar on each. Squeeze lemon juice over and serve.

Souper Menu.

Grape Fruit Cocktails.

Madrilène aux paillettes.

Diablotins de sole Cazmen.

Cailles en Surprise.

Salade Caprice.

Reines des Jardins Mon Désir.
Friandises

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The menu of a delightful supper served at the May Fair Hotel. This is one of the most popular resorts in the West End

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Inland Resorts Include AVOCA, CARAGH LAKE, GLENDALOUGH, LISDOONVARNA, KILLARNEY.

Guides and particulars of excursion, tourist, and week-end tickets from Euston or Paddington Stations, or from any L.M.S. or G.W. station office or agency.

Folks Who Always Feel Tired

Should Be Suspicious of Auto-Intoxication

A persistent tired feeling, accompanied by drowsiness, dull headaches, and a general lack of interest in life in general, is one of the surest signs of a state of self-poisoning. Intestines, becoming sluggish, allow the waste matter to accumulate. Putrefaction sets in, which breeds toxins that are absorbed by the blood stream and carried to every part of the body to steal your strength and vitality, lower your resistance, and make you chronically weak, tired, and listless.

Any person who is not feeling up to par should begin drinking hot water with the juice of half a lemon every morning upon arising. It is well to add to this a tablespoonful of Kutnow's Saline Powder, for this improves the action of both the water and the lemon juice. Kutnow's Powder is a famous natural saline-alkaline aperient that has been used for years to reduce acidity and combat putrefaction in the gastro-intestinal canal. It makes a delightful effervescent drink that anyone will relish.

Get about four ounces from any chemist and take it regularly every morning for a week. See what a difference in your physical condition, even in so short a time! Mark the better appetite you have and strength and energy you feel. It's really marvellous the difference when one is internally clean. Just ask your chemist for Kutnow's Powder. Four ounces is enough to make a conclusive test.

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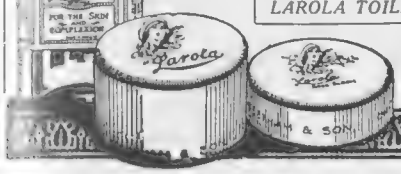

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It is interesting to note that the recent London Naval Conference was signed by the representatives of the nations concerned with a Swan pen by Mabie, Todd and Co. The Swan was made of solid gold, and afterwards presented by M. Briand to Mr. Ramsay MacDonald.

Artist's Clearance Exhibition

Mr. C. Rebel Stanton, the artist, whose work is so well known to readers of THE BYSTANDER, among other journals, is holding an exhibition at The Studio, 295, Euston Road, from May 19 to 26. He wishes to denude his walls and to empty all his portfolios, so every specimen that he possesses will be on view and will be marked at a nominal price. All those interested in the colour pages of the Great Eight and their contemporaries are well advised to pay the studio a visit. The artist has contributed much of his work to THE BYSTANDER, the magnificent full-colour double-spread of the October 30 issue of last year being among them. The Exhibition will be open from 10 a.m. to 8 p.m.

A Guide to Corsica

Those who are interested in travel will be pleased to hear that the P.L.M. Railway have just issued an attractive guide to Corsica from the pen of that popular writer, Eleanor Elsner. In addition to a vivid description of the island in the author's intriguing style, the book contains some sixteen pages of half-tone plates, maps, and useful general information. A free copy may be had from the company's London office at 179, Piccadilly.

Keep the Kiddies Clean

Now that the warm weather has come along—or will shortly be coming along—it is only natural that the children will want to play about in the open air more than ever.

SPRINGTIME IN SOMERSET

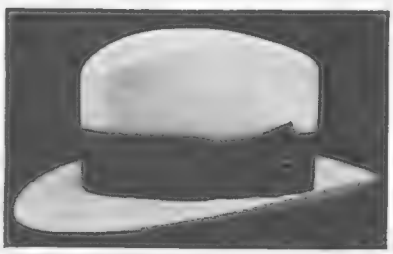
A delightful view showing the church steps at Minehead. The surrounding scenery and the quaint little streets make it one of the most attractive beauty spots for miles around

However happy they may appear, though, and however boisterous they may be, unless great care is taken germs will creep in from the dust and grime (who can help being a little grimy?) and spoil everything. But with Wright's Coal Tar Soap at hand there is little cause for fear. It can be had in sixpenny cakes or in larger bath size at 10*d.*, and will always make washing seem one of the joys of life.

Down Zomerset Way

Those who are already planning their summer holidays—and who does not indulge in day-dreams as soon as the warm weather arrives?—will do well to turn their attention to the claims of Somerset, with its string of beautiful resorts and its exhilarating air, which is like wine. Minehead, loveliest of old-world towns, is easily accessible by road, rail, or sea from Weston-super-Mare, and lies on the edge of the glorious moorland Doone country, Porlock and Exmoor. Burnham-on-Sea is a paradise for children, while the romance of the past lies like a glamorous cloak over Glastonbury, Dunster, and Bath, where the curative waters are world-renowned. As a county it is excellently served by rail services, for the non-stop expresses from London to Bath, Bristol and Taunton are among the most famous trains run by the G.W.R., and special arrangements are being made to cope with the growing week-end and holiday traffic. Above all, a word must be said about the wonders of the Cheddar Gorge and Caves, where a network of passages run through the solid rock and are filled with marvellous mineral coloured stalactites and stalagmites which open up vistas of fairy-like beauty

A Gentleman of Fashion 1860



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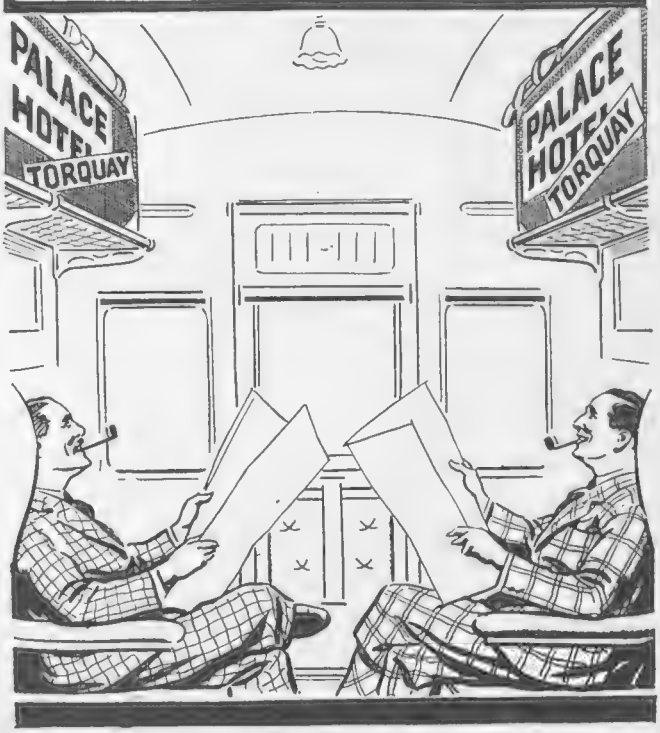

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May God forgive me!

I have been watching a long procession of female things, "Divine" and otherwise, as they strut and lope and glide and hop past —according to the dress-fashion of the hour. I have gazed upon the very first harem skirt, trousered — yes, as long back as 1910. I have goggled at cart-wheel hats, three foot six across the brim, and peek-a-booed at tiny mutton pies cocked over retrousse noses. I have seen the "lifted" shoulder and the baby-sash and the buttoned boot — only to see that last I have had to lift the bell-bottomed skirt ever so little.

Ladies! *Why* will you do it! *How* do you do it? You are, in the words of the latest 1930 song, ab-sol-ute-ly, terribly wonderful."

1910

"And if you giddy young people of 1930 think that the 'nineties could not be naughty, much less the 'eighties of which I now speak, let me tell you that grandmama often wore her arms bare to the shoulder — in fact, not to put too fine a point on it, naked. Her corsage was fearfully low, "pulled to shape" and frilled . . ." *It is a most intriguing story.*

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1906

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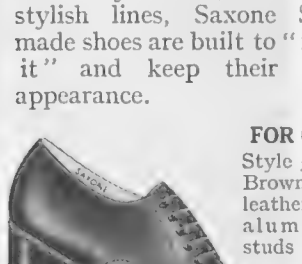

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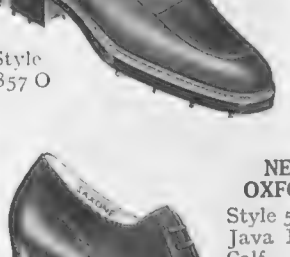

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Style 5856 O
Java Brown Calf, brown suède panel
25/9

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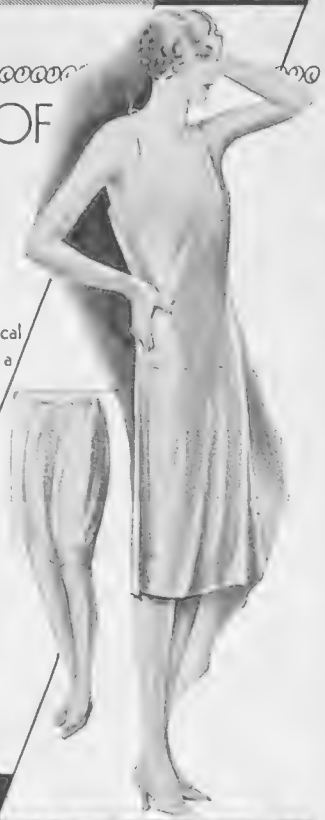

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"SONG OF THE WEST"
with JOHN BOLES and VIVIEN SEGAL
100% Natural Colour.

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So neat—so charming so essentially correct

Morley full fashioned pure silk stockings can be obtained from **5/11** *per pair*

Morley Silk Stockings—in over forty lovely shades—how perfectly they fit, and how marvellously well they wear. No wonder! They are the pride of English make—Morley's. Tailor-made to fit the contour of the leg, doubly strong in heel and toes, and no coarse seam under foot

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sell more fashioned *Silk Stockings* than any other manufacturer in this country

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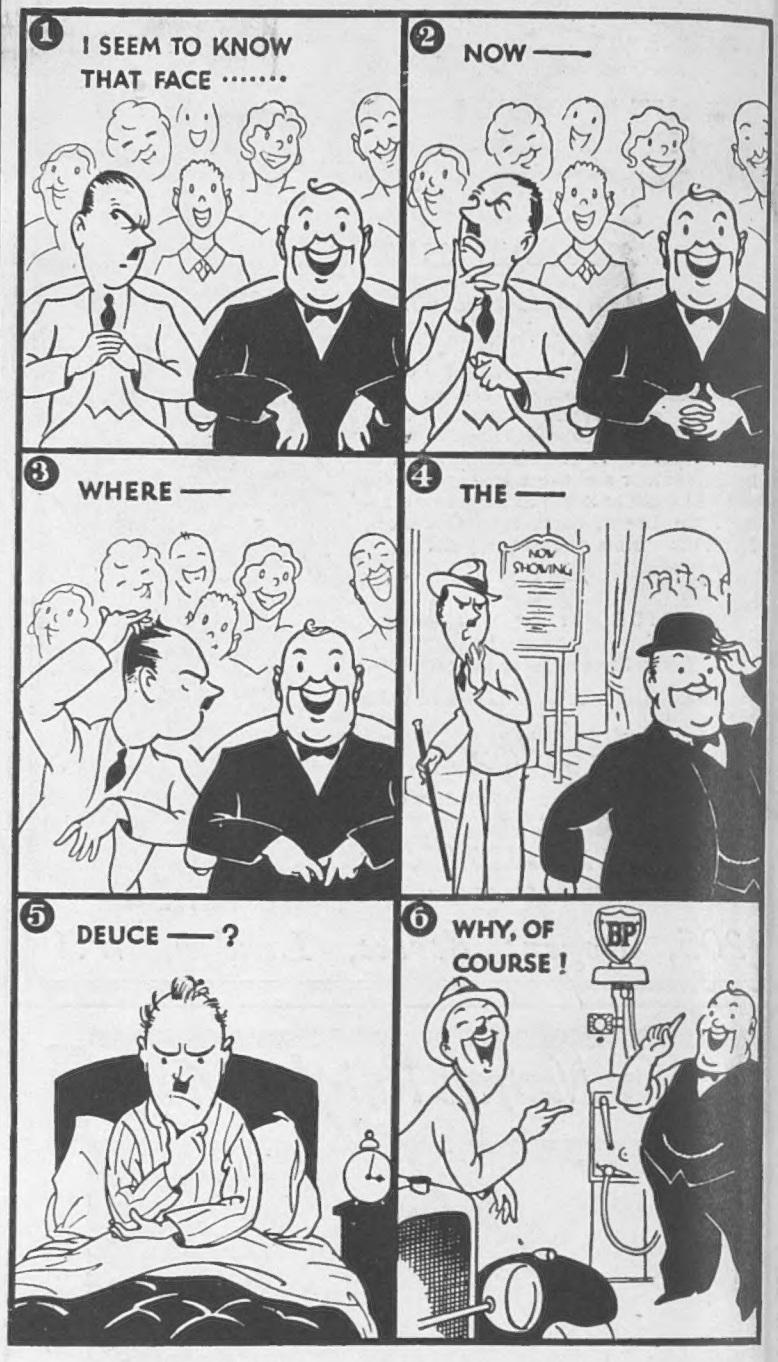

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"A Whisky in a class by itself, which has been in the hands of the same family ever since its inception, and which through long years of popularity has steadily maintained its unique standard of excellence."
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Distillers — LEITH
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"CELEBRITIES DISGUISED" COMPETITION

Cut out along here

CELEBRITIES DISGUISED.
COUPON No. 7.

I IDENTIFY

39 As .....
40 As .....
41 As .....
42 As .....
43 As .....
44 As .....

Name .....
Address .....
.....

May 14.

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COUPON AND RULES (*See page 332*)

RULES

WHEN you have identified the well-known people whose disguised portraits appear on page 332 write your solutions in ink on the form provided in the next column.

Cut out the coupon, and keep it and all subsequent coupons until the competition ends.

You may submit as many sets as you please, but each set *must* be complete. Incomplete sets will be destroyed. In the event of a tie for the first place other "Celebrities Disguised" puzzles will be set until won outright. In the event of ties the money prizes will be divided equally.

No reader may win more than one prize.

The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Employees of Illustrated Newspapers and their families are not eligible to compete.

The Confidences of Angela

"Only herself to blame"...

"Yes, Ted. I'll be riding at ten . . . After effects? I know them not. But it was a wonderful dance. Bobby kept as close as my shadow. Saw a special licence in his eyes—till I mentioned you. Yes, you are useful sometimes! . . . Did I tell you about Sarah Pensworth at Sandown? No? . . . It was a scream! You know what a mean old minge she is. Claude told us all his gee would win. Sarah thought we were going to back it on the Tote and there would be so much money on it that the odds would be small, so she quietly sneaked away and backed it with the bookies, 6/1. Of course, you know the Tote paid 12½/1. How did we back it? Tote prices, of course, but not *on* the Tote. No, dear, there's no mystery about it. Didn't you know you could wire 'Duggie' and get Tote odds—no limit, too? Wild, yes! I should just think she was! Purple pash—then green . . . That's what. I told her; 'she only had herself to blame' . . . Rather! She went up to town the very next day to open an account with 'Duggie.' And now—"

SIR EDWARD: "I know, Angela. You're going to say 'She, too, is enthusiastic about 'Duggie'!"

Write-mention Angela-Duggie will do the rest

OUGLAS STUART, STUART HOUSE, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, LONDON